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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE world seems to take the Russian intrigues very quietly. The explanation of this fact is (as we suppose) really favourable to the peace party. People were, after all, not so earnest in the war, if they are now content to see its fruits glide away from under their noses. War is obviously as eccentric a movement in modern European life as the peace people have wished to persuade us. It is an exertion for which we are only occasionally "up to the mark," and which, once gone through, is not likely to be repeated till after a great interval. At least, it is because Russia thinks that we think so, that her policy retains its present character.

We are of our old opinion, that the fear of Russia which mingles in all modern politics is substantially a just one. In interpreting her action, we are not to make too much of every single point. For instance, the Russian Government every now and then plays some stroke of policy, which is intended to keep up its importance in Europe, and not intended to lead to practical results. This is what the Chinese call a "proper tiger," and which, in Yankee language, passes as "Bunkum." And yet, in the long run, Russia will always be found advancing upon us in a variety of ways. Russian policy, like Russian billiards, employs balls of every colour. She works Persia against us—manœuvres with France—controls Prussia—and manages Austria. We do not advance this doctrine in order to preach as a moral that Palmerston is the "only man" to meet the game. Russia will do her work whoever be our man, and can only be properly resisted, not by a man, but by a nation.

Her advantage of position rests on obvious grounds. She has divisions, but she is not "split." From the very barbarism which we object to her, she has a unity of policy which is formidable. There are not so many interests to be consulted; and Russia is known to Europe only through her Government and diplomatists. When these last move, all the West talks and wonders; when England moves, the Russians ask what Parliament will say?—does the "country" mean to back up the Ministry?—and is there nobody to turn the Premier out? Now, our internal questions ought to be

subordinate to the great question of our resistance to that nation. We should not remain discussing indifferent points in the presence of a transcendent one. Like those Athenians, of whom Demosthenes tells us that they asked each other about Philip—"Isn't he dead yet?"—the advance of Russia being continual, and our resistance only spasmodic, it is easy to see that we must pay at compound interest for whatever we save by not opposing her now. All this may seem flat enough, as the heat of the war is over; but in the face of the obvious fact of the French leaning to Russian policy, it is as well to remember the dangers we may have to encounter. Some people seem to think that the late war was a little drama by itself, intended by Providence to develop heroes and dinners—a fact without a past and without a future!

A circumstance which has done us much injury in European opinion, is that every event of the war has left a controversy behind it. The latest illustration of this was the Peel-Napier, or rather the Peel-Napier-Townshend—"Times" row. A more disgraceful business has not happened, even of late years. In the first place, one gathers that Napier was not appointed for any better reason than the fact that he was known through his own speeches; he was taken as a hero upon his own showing. And in proportion to the unwillingness with which Napier was sent to the Baltic, because he was popular, was the glee with which he was snubbed when people grew disappointed. The Admiralty were foolish at the Reform dinner, and mean afterwards. Their triumph at last was complete, for they managed to direct public opinion against a man who had been always showing up grievances. There is nobody so hateful to officials as a "reformer," and it is not every day that they can floor a reformer in a popular cause. We know the Admiral's weak points—indeed they lie on the surface; but it is notorious that he was not supplied with gun-boats—that his successor did nothing except with gun-boats: and we cannot help thinking that Sir Robert Peel's Cronstadt speech was a shabby exhibition. He told us that everybody in the Russian fleet thought Cronstadt could have been taken, and yet the Grand Duke told Napier that it was impregnable. Whom are we to

believe? Common sense induces us to prefer the man who has the professional knowledge on the matter. Peel gives us hearsay evidence on a subject which he knows nothing about, and in the cause of a body which is known to be prejudiced. That Napier behaved imprudently in talking of the Grand Duke's observations, is, of course, obvious; but he always talked imprudently; and why send him to the Baltic at all, if that be a fatal objection? This is only a controversy of the day, but it is a sign of the day; and it shows us to what vicious influences our system is exposed. The Navy is at present entirely in the hands of a clique—Admiral Berkeley being one of the presiding spirits; and there is probably no public department so uniformly administered in a spirit of the lowest nepotism. Peel is a good man for a tool, because he has that brusqueness which passes among dunces for the bluntness of honesty.

Mr. Cobden has been little heard of for a year or two, and his letter on the question of private property in war must not be passed over because it is a few days old. Its importance lies in this, that it marks a historical change in gradual progress in our affairs. English commerce becomes gradually vaster, but that of other nations vaster too. Now, our supremacy for warlike purposes does not increase the same ratio: the progress which benefits all, raises us all in point of power of inflicting mutual mischief; but presses heaviest on England, whose progress is the greatest. It is humane and reasonable to try and stop privateering, which punishes firms and individuals; and in the present state of European opinion, the declaration of the Paris Congress was perfectly natural. But the Americans without privateering would be navally insignificant. During the war of 1816 they got 200 sail of privateers out, and this sea-guerilla war did Great Britain no trifling damage. It is absurd to suppose that the States would abolish it as indifferently as France; so they propose to exempt *all private property*, and meet us on "that broad ground." Touching this idea, Mr. Cobden says—

"Now, really there is no logical way of meeting this proposition but by an instant acquiescence; and had it not been misrepresented and dealt with in a flippant spirit by some of our journals, it must have received as



DEER-STALKING: THE DYING STAG.—(DRAWN BY E. ANSDALL.)

unanimous assent in this country as it has from all parties in the United States."

It is hard to say, however, what war would be—or how it would ever end—if this were to be carried out. "Prize-money" would be imaginary, and States would only fight through batches of duellists. We fear humanity is not refined to the point where this would content angry nations—where, in fact, nations would be willing thus to settle "with the gloves."

But Mr. Cobden's letter opens other points even more suggestive. He proceeds to point out the effect of the "competition of neutrals," and to argue that, this established, no vessels could keep the sea for trading purposes during war but neutrals. He takes the case of the United States, and argues thus—

"Let us suppose ourselves at war with the United States. It may be estimated that the value of American property afloat on salt water (a large part of their navigation is upon the interior lakes and rivers) does not exceed the half of ours. Unless their late proposal were previously adopted, the old system of privateering would be in force on both sides, to which we should offer two-thirds of the prey to their one-hind. But the rights of neutrals, which have been proclaimed at the Paris Conference, would admit all the European flags to bring and carry to and from England and America the produce of both countries without risk of capture during the war. Again I would ask—Could a vessel bearing the British flag keep the sea under these circumstances, with 500 or 1,000 armed American vessels cruising against our commerce? It is clear that nobody would charter an English vessel, and pay a heavy insurance against capture, when a neutral ship could be had free from any such charge. The practical effect, then, of the alterations made in our maritime law at the Paris Conference, if we go no further, would be, in case of war with a naval power, to transfer the carrying trade even of our own ports to neutral bottoms. It is then our interest especially, and beyond all other countries, to go forward in the path to which the Americans have invited us."

Our present danger in case of any war would thus, according to Mr. Cobden, be great. In a French war, we should get beaten by rival traders; in an American war, we should have our traders captured by privateers. It is a view well worth reflecting on, and is put with that lucidity which is always found in the productions of Mr. Cobden.

For the present, we shall confine ourselves to saying that, admitting these facts and reasonings, the English "dominion of the sea" is at an end. With our navy, we ought to be able to keep down Yankee privateers; and our merchant ships ought to be able to go armed for self-defence when need be. Now, it may be that time is changing all that, but, at least, let the public know what the change really means. We shall return to this topic at an early period.

THE DYING STAG.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

On the preceding page is a design from the same masterly pencil which has sketched that series of sporting subjects we have endeavoured to describe with our pen; and without seeking to expatiate on the merits of the picture, we must direct the reader's attention to the turn of the uplifted head and neck of the stag, which evidently betokens the last dying efforts of the noble animal. Whether he has been pulled down when in an almost helpless state by the deerhound at his side, or whether he has dropped from sheer exhaustion, matters not. Life is ebbing fast, but this is not the result of failing speed. The poor beast was probably wounded in a moment of fancied security; the chance, such as it is, that is afforded to all other game by the sportsman—namely, that of being started ere the fatal shot is fired, was not given to him. The stillness of death reigned around, while the stealthy approach of the marksman ensured his deadly aim. If the leaden messenger of death only half accomplished the intended purpose, and startled, bewildered, and wounded, the poor beast attempted to escape from his foe, the trained dog pursued his flight, and that final catastrophe ensued which Mr. Andsell has so skillfully depicted.

Originally, part of Scotland and a great part of England, was covered with forests, within the deep recesses of which the marksman could conceal himself and take aim at the deer which bounded past within the arrow's reach, or which were driven by men or dogs into passes known to the forester. As civilisation progressed these forests were cut down, and the bow, which was so efficient a weapon when game could be approached by stratagem, or through watchfulness of the bowman, at a comparatively short distance, became perfectly useless. Probably the matchlock gun was subsequently used, an improvement on the bow, so far as the distance it would carry was concerned, but, we opine, still a most uncertain instrument. The devastations of the forests of course produced what is now termed open country. Here, as regards the stag, all gunnery—in the state that gunnery then was—became useless. This state of things gave rise to the chase, and the hound, which was well adapted to the purpose of pulling down a wounded deer in the forest, from running by gaze only, became useless in the chase, where scent is absolutely necessary.

Through the levelling of forests, and the consequent increase of open country, the stag appears to have been for years comparatively free from danger from the gunner, except, indeed, in such places as still continued in their former state. It was found that in wild localities, though the stag might prefer the security of the woodland, the little chance he ran of molestation in the open parts of a wild country, left him a denizen of both.

In such situations, to attempt to get within arrow or gun-shot range—such as guns then were—would have been perfectly futile. Chance might occasionally produce an opportunity, but still so rarely as not to be worth the immense labour and uncertainty of seeking for it. When, however, the rifle was invented, the deer-hooter's practice to a certain degree revived, for it was found that, with care and circumspection, a herd might be approached within rifle range.

But let not those who have seen herds of red deer in Windsor Park, or on Baginbun Heath, judge at all by these of the stag in his wilder state in the Highlands of Scotland. The two are, figuratively speaking, no more alike, as regards their habits, than is the horse bred in a gentleman's park like his wild brother of the prairie or the southern desert. We have frequently ridden close up to a herd in both of the first-mentioned places, and seen them merely rise to their feet, or move off as our horse neared them. This would be no more the case with a strictly wild herd, than it would be with a troop of zebras in their native wilds.

Hence, we are quite willing to admit that considerable excitement may arise from the great uncertainty of being able to get at the stag in his perfectly wild state; still there is always, in the breast of a true sportsman, a something that makes him detest taking any living thing at a disadvantage. The fox-hunter, though he will enthusiastically cheer his hounds to the death of a fox, would not permit his being, in technical phrase, "badgered to death," still less would he shoot a hare in her form, difficult as she is to approach.

There was a direct excuse for the hunter of former times seeking and taking every advantage of his game. He hunted probably for his daily meal, and was justified in adopting the surest mode of procuring it. We cannot, however, but think this murder of game, as practised now-a-days, to be directly at variance with the usual ideas of a sportsman; it savours somewhat of pot-hunting, though we in no way infer the deer-stalker to be influenced by any such spirit.

We can only hope, that what we have seen occur with the grouse, may not, a few years hence, be the case with the red deer. The latter are, of course, not to be numerically compared with the former, thinned even as they now are. If, however, deer-stalking progresses in the same ratio as grouse shooting, we are so new to apprehensive that ere long the herds will have become so thinned, that there will be an end to the excitement so vividly described by deer-stalkers, and no deer be left to stalk after.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

THE news from France is most meagre, and chiefly relates to the financial debacles of the country, and the desperate means which it is said are being taken to restore the monetary "tone," for the present at any rate.

The "Presse" replying to an article in a London ministerial journal, which intimated, a few days since, that England might probably take possession of the Isle of Karrah, near the mouth of the Euphrates, as a station to be used as a basis of operations against Persian aggression, says that Karrah belongs to France (!), under a treaty concluded in 1769 between M. Pyralis, French consul at Bussora, and Kerim Khan, "the wisest sovereign, perhaps, that Persia has had in modern times." This treaty, the "Presse" naively admits, is "very little known," but it avers that it is "not the less important, since no ulterior convention has ever rescinded or modified it in any way." It would be rather less amusing, though, if at a moment when it may suit the French Government to coquet with Russia, and back up the hostilities which Persia is carrying on against us under Russian patronage, our defensive operations in the East were to be thwarted by such a claim.

The "Constitutionnel" prepares the public mind for the great expedition which is directed by France in the spring against the independent tribes of Kabylia.

BELGIUM.

THE French steam-packet *Le Corse*, entered Ostend on the 16th inst. This vessel of war, sent to protect the fishery, arrived on the day after a storm had made a wide breach in the dyke of Ostend, and threatened to burst into the town and completely lay it under water. During the night between the 12th and the 13th, the garrison of the town worked hard to fill up, by means of bags filled with sand and turf, the breach made by the waves, and so prevent the complete rupture of the dam. Thanks to these labours the danger was averted, but the town was all but experiencing the fate of those ancient villages the site of which it occupies, and which were destroyed by the sea.

SPAIN.

THE most important news from Spain relates to the Malaga outbreak, which we have given under another head.

The Spanish press, in spite of the censorship, cry out pretty loudly against the present state of affairs. Here is a summary of their complaints:—

"The state of siege, which was said to be raised, is in fact merely transferred from the purely military authorities to the hands of the prefects, and it is not even raised at all in some parts of the country. 'There is no Senate; there is no talk of convoking the Cortes; the floating debt is augmented by Royal decree; a single Government order converts millions into troops of the line; the 'popular corporations' (as they are most improperly called), which are not elective, are kept on foot indefinitely; and all these things are done, although the constitution of 1845 is declared to be re-established, together with all the organic and administrative laws of the same period."

"The 'Gazette' denies that Lord Howden had demanded explanations with regard to the future policy of the Cabinet."

AUSTRIA.

SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR, says a letter from Vienna, recently gave the Austrian Cabinet the positive assurance that England would not undertake anything with regard to the Neapolitan affair, of a nature to serve the projects of the revolutionary party in Italy, or to disturb the tranquillity of the Peninsula.

A pamphlet, published in French, is handed about in diplomatic circles at Vienna, which contains an apology for the conduct of Naples, and indicates some reforms which that Government might effect. Among them are mentioned the application of the military conscription to Sicily, the formation of military colonies for veterans and invalid soldiers, the calling in of the copper coinage, the substitution of charges d'affaires for ambassadors, changes in the customs tariff, the release of Poerio, &c. It is thought that this pamphlet emanates from an official source.

RUSSIA.

THE Grand Duchess Alexander Petrovna, wife of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch, brother of the Emperor, gave birth to a son on the 19th. The infant has received the name of Nicholas. The Grand Duchess is the daughter of Prince Peter d'Oldenbourg. She was born on the 2nd of June, 1838, and her marriage with the Grand Duke Nicholas took place on the 6th of February last.

Letters from St. Petersburg in noticing the appointment of General Chruleff to the command of the Corps d'Armée stationed along the Persian frontier, intimate that this general may find himself in the neighbourhood of Herat before the English expedition arrives before that place. The writer adds:—"If the English Government executes its plans of war, events may force us to interfere."

A new Russian circular is talked of; the "Presse" says that it is couched in moderate and conciliatory language; but Russia abandons neither her opinions, nor her claims on Belgrad, and calls for the meeting of a conference, to the decision of which she will defer unhesitatingly.

The Neva is now so firmly frozen over that it is traversed by crowds in all safety. So many vessels are frozen in at Cronstadt, that serious thoughts are entertained of endeavouring to break the ice to get them out. On the 11th, the English vessel *Marguerite*, laden with corn, went down near Krasnoia-Gorka; the crew were saved.

Among the new military reforms in Russia, it is proposed, it is said, to make the militia "more mobile." It is proposed to imitate the Prussian landwehr, and to organise a force of 150,000 infantry and 30,000 cavalry.

An Imperial ukase was published at St. Petersburg on the 15th, regulating the terms on which deserters and refugees can be admitted to the privileges of Russian nationality. Turkish deserters and prisoners who pass over to the orthodox Greek Church are to be more especially favoured. They will be exempt from the obrok and the poll-tax, and other Government taxes; from all contributions in kind, and also recruitment, to which they will not be liable for ten years. All such as make a settlement are free from all taxes and rates in general. Such as enter the peasant class of the crown estates, will be aided to set up their domicile, half the sum to be paid to them as soon as they shall have received baptism; they are permitted to enlist for twenty-five years. Such as refuse to become Russian subjects are forthwith to be conducted beyond the frontier, in whatever direction they themselves desire. In like manner, those Turkish prisoners that are not willing to acknowledge the Russian Church are to be sent to Odessa, and delivered over to the Turkish Government.

SWITZERLAND.

THE Federal Council refuses unanimously the demand of Prussia for the unconditional liberation of the Neuchâtel prisoners. It declares itself ready to enter into negotiations, and consents to renew relations on a neighbourly footing; but, at the same time, will leave justice to take its legitimate course.

The federal authorities neglect no means that prudence suggests for the defence of their territory. One of their last acts is the despatch of a circular to all the cantons, calling attention to the organisation of the militia. A significant fact, under existing circumstances, is that the militia in Neuchâtel have signed a petition, in which the young men who form part of the contingent of the élite demand of the executive federal authority, as a favour, that they may be the first exposed to the enemy's fire, in case "interior" measures are taken against the Confederation.

ITALY.

REPORTS from Naples continue to speak of conciliatory intentions on the part of the King, and an amnesty, to include Poerio and others, whose sentences will be commuted into exile.

The King has already pardoned two political prisoners—Pasquale de Rosa, condemned in 1851 to nineteen years' hard labour in irons; and Vincenza Farina, condemned to twenty years of the same punishment. The sentence of the latter had been commuted by the King, on the 12th of March, 1855, into six years of exile; and on the 18th of June following, his exile had been commuted into imprisonment in his own house.

Two English frigates have arrived before Palermo; the French corvette, the *Duchesse*, has left Naples for Messina.

Recruiting for the Neapolitan army is taking place on a very extensive scale in Switzerland. The King proposes, it is reported, to increase his foreign troops up to the number of 20,000 men, and reduce his regular forces.

The Emperor of Austria arrived at Trieste on the 26th. He was expected at Venice on the 25th, and to remain there till the 27th of the month. During the following days, according to the programme of Majesty will visit Padua, Verona, Brescia, &c., and arrive at Milan on the 31st of January. The sojourn of his Majesty in this last-named city has not been yet determined.

The Milanese police have performed some fresh acts of rigour during the last few days. One Seregni, employee at the Grand Hospice, was arrested and sent to Mantua. It is said that some Mazzinian correspondence was found upon him. Other persons have been summoned before the police, and severely warned to be more prudent in future in their conversation. The police have also made a descent at the houses of others, but without discovering anything that can be used against them.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

AALI PACHA, (the late Grand Vizier) who entered Redshid Pacha's cabinet as Minister for Foreign Affairs, was only twenty-four hours in office. He could not agree with Redshid Pacha, and resigned.

M. de Boutenief has again pressed upon the Sultan the subject of the departure of the English ships of war from the Bosphorus.

The attempts made by Ferouk Khan to settle the Anglo-Persian differences with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, are said to have failed. An English frigate had just arrived at Constantinople, and other English vessels were expected.

Six hundred wooden houses had been destroyed by a fire at Pera. The authorities and the Sisters of Charity had taken charge of the families who were left without an asylum. Another extensive fire had broken out at Adrianople.

At Rhodes, the lightning having struck the immense store of gunpowder which was placed in the vaults belonging to the Ancient Knights, the whole Turkish quarter was destroyed so completely that only three children were saved.

The "Journal de Constantinople" states that a Russian company in the Black Sea has purchased forty steam-vessels.

According to accounts from Galatz of the 4th, the European commission of the Danube was officially opened on that day under the provisional presidency of the Prussian Commissioner Bitter. At that meeting the Turkish Commissioner, Omar Pacha, was appointed president in his quality of representative of the Sultan, sovereign of Moldavia. It was decided, on the proposal of the French commissioner, that a French gunboat, stationed at Galatz, should proceed to the banks of Alajou, at the mouth of the Salina, and that the Turkish war steamer of Salina should leave for the same spot, to render the river once more navigable, and remove the obstructions which exist.

The affair between the Porte and Montenegro seems settled for the time. The Porte reserves its rights of sovereignty, but will assert them in the event of any renewed aggression by Montenegro. On this understanding the Porte has now suspended its military preparations.

AMERICA.

REMOUR has thus mapped out the Buchanan Cabinet:—General Cass, Secretary of State; Governor Toney, Secretary of the Navy; General Richardson, Postmaster-General; Howell Cobb, Secretary to the Treasury; Jesse D. Bright, Secretary of the Interior. The Attorney-General is "spotted."

The Hon. J. M. Clayton, the American Minister who negotiated the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, died on the 9th, after a protracted illness. According to the "Herald," "the general opinion that he had been over-reached by Sir Henry Bulwer affected his spirits; and it is said he was several times driven to his bed by illness produced by anxiety of mind."

In Oregon the Indians were troublesome, and Governor Stevens, who had advanced to negotiate with them, was compelled to retire. The entire country north and east of Day's River was in possession of the Indians.

A great conflagration had occurred at Syracuse, devastating the city to the extent of nearly 1,000,000 dol., and rendering numbers homeless.

Walker's position in Nicaragua is still reported favourable.

THE GUN-BOAT AFFAIR IN THE BLACK SEA.

THE Paris "Pays" states, with reference to this affair, that "the two commanding officers (Russian and English), having exchanged explanations, agreed to refer the matter to the two Embassies at Constantinople, and this course having been taken, the dispute was, we understand, amicably arranged."

THE INSURRECTION AT MALAGA.

AN attempt at insurrection was recently made at Malaga. After having vainly endeavoured to induce the regular troops and provincial militia to join them, and having forced all sorts of reports respecting insurrectionary movements at Madrid and other parts of Spain, the ringleaders in this affair went into the streets and did their best to excite the populace by shouting for the republic, and proclaiming that the time had arrived for striking a blow for liberty. There appeared to be a general belief that the Court party had been beaten at Madrid, and many joined the ranks of the insurgents in consequence. The Commandant of the place, who had meanwhile got his troops and artillery into position, was at once attacked by two divisions of the people, and found himself thus placed between a cross-fire, which lasted for a quarter-of-an-hour; but the troops behaved well, and at the end of that time drove back the Republicans. In another part of the town the artillery were at the same time attacked by a body of citizens, who threw up barricades, and a sharp engagement followed, which was terminated by two columns of infantry, who, hearing the commanding officer, came up at the double and carried the barricades at the point of the bayonet. By nine o'clock, P.M., the whole of the barricades had been taken, and upon going over the ground where the fighting had occurred one citizen was found dead and another badly wounded. About twenty were taken prisoners with arms in their hands. A council of war was held immediately afterwards. It seems the Militia Governor had received an anonymous letter warning him of the movement which was about to take place, and detailing the plan which was to be carried out by the rioters. The military had seven men wounded. Two days before the rising a regiment of infantry had left for Africa, and it thus happened that the garrison was not so strong as usual. The people were, of course, aware of this fact. The last accounts state that order had been completely re-established. Courts-martial were held, and the Council of War had condemned seven individuals, who had been captured with arms in hand, to be shot.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN CANDIA.—The almost total destruction, by an earthquake, of the town of Candia, the chief port of the Isle of Candia, on the night of the 11th of October, has already been announced, but the details which have now reached us represent the calamity as having been even greater than was at first believed. It appears that the town contained 3,620 dwelling-houses, of which there are only eighteen which now remain erect and habitable. The above number does not include the shops or storehouses, many of which were built of wood, and have not been destroyed like the stone dwellings. The number of persons killed in that one night was estimated immediately afterwards at 210, but so many dead bodies have since been discovered in the ruins that the whole number is now calculated at not less than 750. The earthquake was not confined to the town of Candia, but caused immense damage and loss of life in other parts of the island. Several villages in the eastern districts were entirely ruined; and it is probable that the total number of human beings who perished throughout the island must be reckoned by thousands. There were more persons killed outright than were injured by the fall of their houses; and this is attributed to the peculiar construction of the houses in Candia, most of which had very massive roofs, and terraces on the top, of them, formed of solid masonry, beneath the ruins of which the inhabitants were crushed instantly. The survivors of the population were found in the most hopeless and miserable dependency; every one sat weeping or weeping upon the heap of rubbish which had covered his home, without making an effort either to construct a shelter for himself, or to extricate the remains of his friends who had perished; the married and the dying lay unattended, and the starving had no relief. These wretched people were gathered by the Pacha into an extensive mansion belonging to him at Ratismo, which, being a structure of timber, had escaped the destruction. Every sort of comfort and aid was provided for them by his benevolent assiduity, and in the meantime, an English engineer, Mr. Woodward, was employed to set up some wooden huts, in which they subsequently lodged. No description can give any idea of the suffering and distress which the islanders have experienced.

The great event in the Parisian musical world during the past week, has been the *rendez* of Mario at the Italian Theatre in the "Barbiciere," which took place on Saturday, the 15th instant. So triumphant a success was hardly ever before achieved at the Salle Ventadour, even by the great tenor himself. He was received with enthusiasm on his entrance, and when he appeared at the end, the audience broke out into a furor. Alboni was the Rosina, and of course participated in the triumph. When both artists were recalled at the fall of the curtain, the stage was covered with bouquets, and wreaths were projected from all parts of the house. "La Gazza Ladra" has proved another success. Alboni's Ninetta was praised even more than her Rosina. Signor Corsi, the new baritone, who comes with a high reputation from Italy, was nevertheless only partially admired as the Father. The "Traviata" is in rehearsal, and Mademoiselle Piccolomini is shortly expected to make her *débüt*, assisted by Signors Mario and Graziani. Expectation is on tip-toe, and not a place is to be had for "love or money" for the evening.



THE TOMB OF PAUL DELAROCHE.

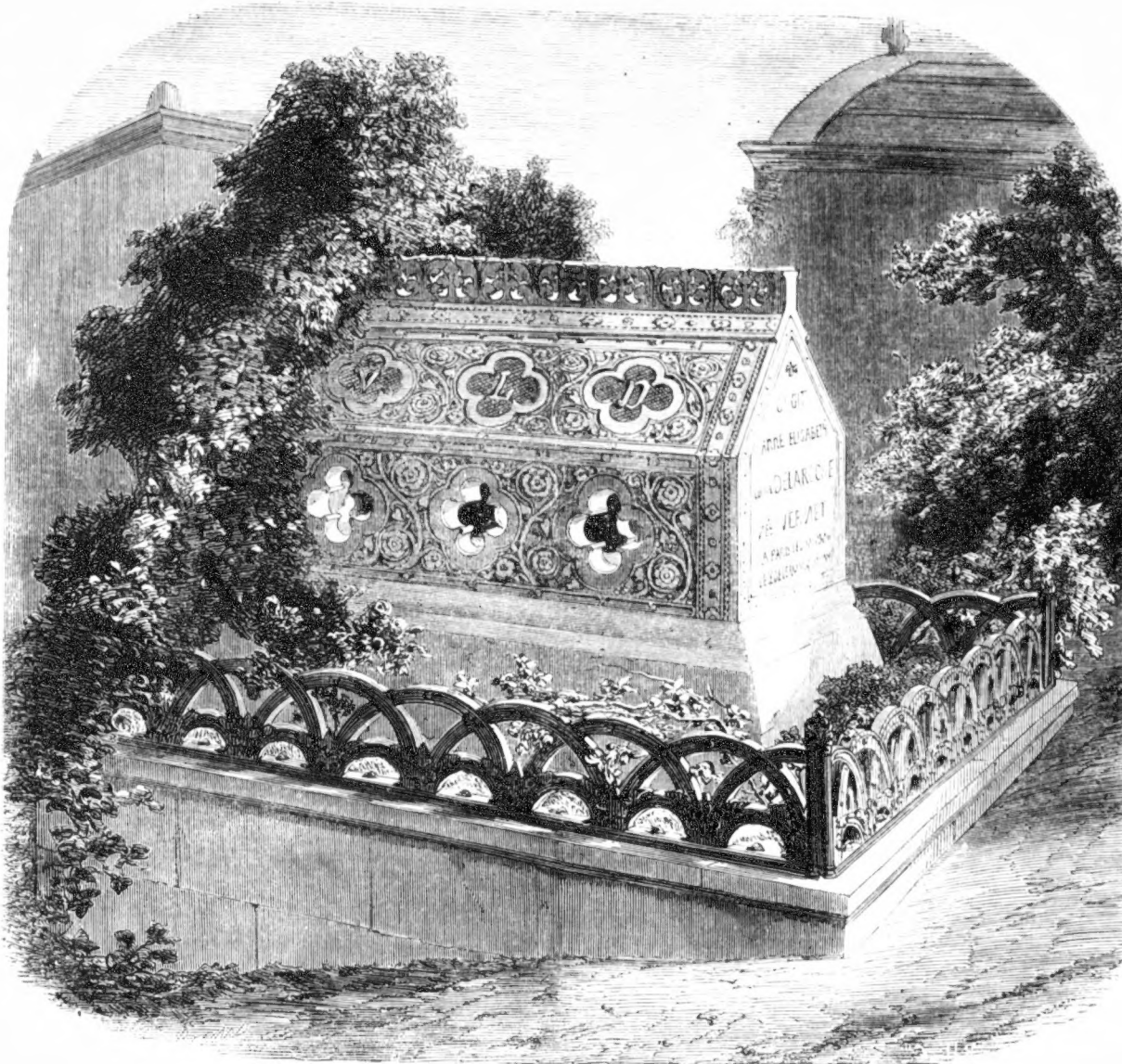
We have recently announced with regret the death of Paul Delaroche. The disappearance from the haunts of living men of so eminent a painter, as the man whose tomb is represented by the accompanying engraving, must, of necessity, have been a matter of regret to those who have had the taste to appreciate, and the talent to comprehend, his works of art. Most of our readers will, however, experience some degree of consolation for his loss, after viewing the magnificent grave which contains the ashes of a man so famous.

On the occasion of this great French painter's funeral, his ashes were followed to their last resting place, in Montmartre—an illustration of which we have recently given, with some particulars of the ceremonies observed at that cemetery—by his illustrious fellow-artist and friend, Horace Vernet, by his mourning widow, his two youthful sons, and a number of friends of name and genius. He was—as we have already stated—buried in Montmartre Cemetery.

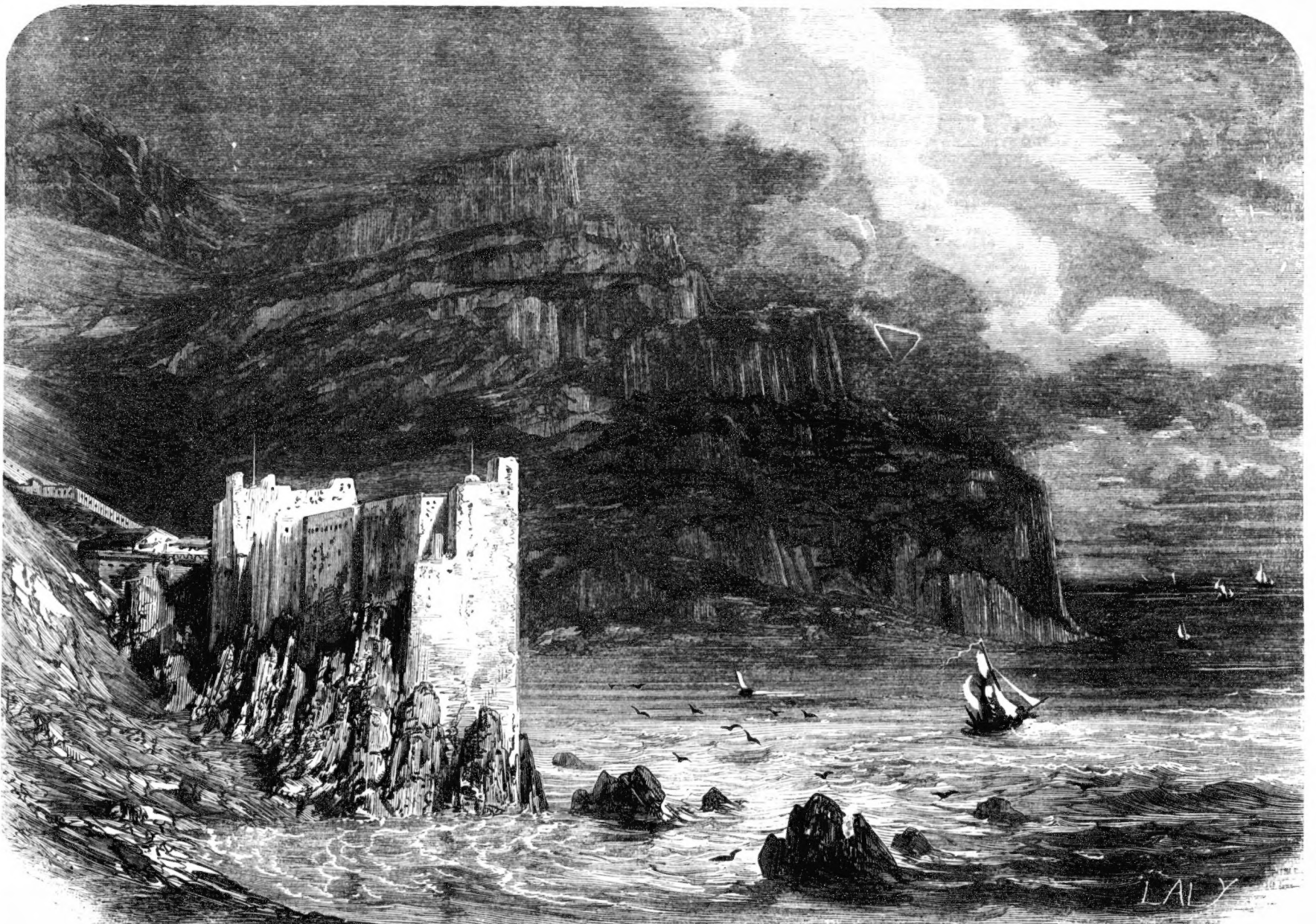
The accompanying illustration represents the monument erected over the family vault.

Paul Delaroche was born in the year 1797, and brought up in Art, say the French authorities, by that most mannered of the painters of the time, M. le Baron Gros. During the first five-and-twenty years of his life he was feeling his way steadily and slowly, escaping from the frigid and sculptural classicisms of the Empire. In 1822, by the exhibition of his "Jews" and "A Descent from the Cross," he took his ground at once, as one from whom much was to be expected;—how that much was fulfilled, there is not a lover of Art in England or in France but knows. From the frightful but powerful "Death of Elizabeth of England," now in the Luxembourg, exhibited in 1826 or 1827, to the well-known scene of "The Death of Mazarin," to the pictures of the "Sons

of Edward the Fourth" and "Stratford," to his "Murder of the Duke de Guise" (the last painted after his visit to Italy in 1834), to his "Napoleon at Fontainebleau," executed for Herr Schlette (?) of Leipzig—the progress in Art made by Delaroche was great and real. He became more in earnest—more self-relying, less spasmodic. Even in his great "Hemicycle" at the Ecole des Beaux Arts—one of those imaginary assemblages which would have defied the powers of greater men than he—there will be found a dignified character—an intellectual grace—a naturalness of attitude, which remove the groups far beyond the limits of *Pantheons* on canvas, and which will render the picture, so long as it lasts, one of the attractions of the capital. As he advanced in his career Delaroche seemed to ripen, too, as a colourist. His work was always masterly, in the self-respected finish which it exhibited. To attempt to give a list of his pictures, is not for the moment possible, still less is it possible to do complete justice to all his characteristics as a painter and as a thinker. He will live, we think, not so much by his simplicity of composition—not so much by his excellent finish and care in marking character, as by the originality and poetry which he could throw into his conceptions, without in the least trenching on the exaggeration and violence of other French romanticists, who broke loose in defiance of the Pradhons, and Davids, and Gérards of the later days of the eighteenth century. The same power gave a value to the "Napoleon at Fontainebleau," raising it far above such a portrait of a hero in difficulties as a commoner artist would have drawn. It was a thought of his high quality that gave its awfulness to "Le Duc de Guise," where the assassins slink away to the door of the chamber, leaving betwixt them and the body of their prostrate victim a blank space on the floor—wide and dreary as remorse, and more impressive as a cen-



TOMB OF DELAROCHE, THE PAINTER, IN THE CEMETERY OF MONTMARTRE.



FORT OF ABD-EL-KADER ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY DR. BOEDONE.)

tral object of the picture than the most powerfully-drawn figure, with infuriated eyes and hand clenching his weapon, would have been. For some years past Delacroix had been weary of exhibition. He had latterly lived in comparative retirement, owing to impaired health and increasing suffering. His death will be long lamented by the best of those whom France yet numbers in her world of arts and letters.

THE FORT OF ABD-EL-KADER

On the shores of the blue Mediterranean, and on the African coast, stands the Fort of Abd-el-Kader, a stronghold erected by the French on a mass of rock at the foot of the hill of Bidja, to serve as one of the defenses of the adjoining town of Bugia. This town is romantically perched upon some rocky declivities at the foot of Mount Gouraya, and close to the seashore. Notwithstanding the adjacent sea and the large extent of ground it covers, Bugia is in reality a mere mass of huts, and quite unworthy the name of a town; its streets are in point of fact nothing but rough footpaths running without order between rows of irregularly built houses. The Gouraya mountain, which is spread out like a curtain behind the town, rises some 2,200 feet above the level of the sea. The marabout of Sidi-Boszi, on the summit of Gouraya, was wont to be considered by the Arab population as efficacious a place of pilgrimage as Mecca itself; but when it was taken by the French in 1833, after a hard fight, a fort was constructed on its site to command the mountain, and its sacred character was at an end. From this fort a path following the crest of the Gouraya descends to the plain after passing the precipice of the Dent. The roadway has been so constructed that those in possession of it can see the movements of their assailants, and mask their own, whatever these may be.

Bugia, suspended amongst rocks that seem ready to swallow it up, and the waves that eat away their base, only communicates with the sailing valley desecrated from its walls by a somewhat narrow tongue of land. Hence the mountaineers form its nearest and most formidable neighbours, owing to the nature of the locality and other accidental circumstances. It so happens, moreover, that the tribe of the Mzaias, which is in possession of those heights, is reported to be one of the most warlike, poor, and savage of all. Its territory is carefully cultivated, but the spots of good mould are not sufficiently abundant to support the inhabitants. Accordingly, a certain number go forth to work elsewhere; and those who remain are never backward in any thievish or warlike enterprise. They can muster 800 foot soldiers. The plain belongs to two tribes—the Beni-Bou-Messoud and the Beni-Memoun—which can each of them bring from 500 to 600 firelocks into the field, with a small body of horsemen. Their district is more thriving; for instance, they can boast of fine flocks of corn, flax, a great many bee-hives, olive-trees, and some tolerably flourishing villages.

The roads of Bugia are the best in Algeria. They are, it is true, somewhat exposed to squalls and to a heavy swell; but these evils are remedied by their excellent anchoring-ground. To seaward of a space of about 150 acres, situated before the town, and suited for merchant-ships, the anchorage of Sidi-Yahia can receive, from Pointe de Bouae to Fort Abd-el-Kader, four line-of-battle ships, six frigates, and a considerable number of smaller craft. The Turks were in the habit of putting up their fleet in Bugia roads in the winter. Recent travellers agree that the famous inlet at Cape Carbon, into which, according to ancient geographers, ships could enter under full sail, would now scarcely admit a boat.

Mount Gouraya, whose rocks are of limestone, is covered to the top with argillaceous earth, the fecundity of which counteracts the usual effects of exposure to the south. The lentisks, carobs, vines, and wild olives which clothe its sides and summit, only require protection from the cattle, to supply the base of the mountain with abundant sources, by attracting and retaining the rain. The great rents of the Simpson, St. Gothard, and Spiggen offer nothing comparable to this prodigious up-heaving of mountains. The view from the Righi may be more extensive, but it is far less imposing.

BOLGRAD.—Count Kisseleff (says a Paris letter in the "Nord" of Brussels the Russian organ) had a conference with Count Walewski, a few days ago, on the subject of Bolgrad. The Russian Minister manifested the most conciliatory disposition, but insisted on the necessity of solving the difficulty in a congress, in order that it may be shown to the eyes of Europe that the obstacles and delays in the execution of the treaty of peace do not come from Russia.

THE NATIVE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.—The feud between the natives was at the last days raging with great violence, and a serious encounter had taken place between the two hostile tribes of the Ngatiirau and Ngatiawa. Five appear to have been killed on both sides. The former tribe had eight wounded the latter three—at least this is the only loss that either will admit of. The encounter took place near the European boundary, but no alarm or anxiety appears to exist on the part of the colonists.

THE TASMANIA GOLD FIELDS.—The accounts from the newly discovered gold fields at Fingal are much more satisfactory than could have been anticipated. Notwithstanding the adverse season of the year, the reports of the progress of the mining parties are becoming more constant, and nuggets had been found. The result of the survey instituted by the authorities had, as far as it had been carried out, produced very favourable indications that the island possessed several auriferous districts.

SUNKEN WAR VESSELS AT SEBASTOPOL TO BE RAISED BY AN AMERICAN.—A Boston paper says:—"John E. Cowen, Esq., of this city, who is now in Russia, has just entered into a contract with the Russian Government to raise the ships-of-war and other vessels, fifty-two in number, sunk in the harbour of Sebastopol at the time of the siege. It will be remembered that Mr. Cowen, under contract with our Government, succeeded, after repeated efforts of British engineers had failed, in raising the wreck of the United States steamer Missouri, sunk in the harbour of Gibraltar. Mr. Cowen will commence operations in the harbour of Sebastopol next spring."

THE VALUE OF A NEWSPAPER.—M. Emile de Girardin has sold his interest in the "Presse" to M. Milhaud, a banker. M. de Girardin was the founder and principal proprietor of the paper. He possessed forty 100ths of the shares, and had a salary of 30,000fr. as redactor-in-chief. The terms are—for the forty shares, 800,000fr., and for the editorship, 150,000fr.; making together the very handsome sum of 950,000fr. After the example of persons in meaner callings, he enters into a covenant not to exercise his trade as a journalist in Paris.

LORD TEMPEST VANE.—Cornet Ames, 4th Light Dragoons, has applied to the Court of Queen's Bench for a criminal information against Lord Ernest Vane Tempest, for an assault. It will be recollected that it was for practical jokes on Ames that his Lordship and Cornet Birt were dismissed the service. After their dismissal Ames had no communication with either of them. On the 31st of October Mr. Ames was standing, in the evening, in one of the streets of Brighton, near Dorset Gardens, talking to a female, when Lord Ernest Vane Tempest came up and spat in his face, and called him a blackguard and a coward. Mr. Ames said he did not like to create a disturbance in the street, and told Lord Ernest Vane Tempest that he would hear of this again. As a matter of course, the occurrence became known to the regiment. The Adjutant wrote to Mr. Ames to know what notice he meant to take of it; and he told him that he had placed the affair in the hands of his solicitor, under whose advice the present application was made. Lord Campbell granted a rule.

THE BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH ON POOR LIVINGS.—The Bishop of St. Asaph, in a letter to the Marquis of Westminster (published in the "Times") enters at some length into the question of stipend. He is of opinion that the average income of clergymen of the Established Church is considerably less than it ought to be, and that the remedy is not to be found in the better management of church property. His own conviction is, that the whole of the church property is utterly inadequate to provide for such a church establishment as would prove most beneficial for England, and best suited to raise the moral condition of the poor to that standard which, by God's mercy, the upper orders have reached. The real question, his Lordship says, is—How are we to provide for the thousands of ill-paid parishes? The answer to this question is a suggestion that where the endowment is small, the landed proprietors of the parish should raise it by a voluntary contribution. The opinion of the bishop is in favour of state endowment, but that being impossible in the present state of feeling in the country, a suggestion is made to the territorial aristocracy, through the very wealthy Marquis of Westminster, to come forward and supply the deficiency in the incomes of the clergy by voluntary endowment.

SUSPICIOUS DEATH OF AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.—We have received a letter from Dr. Griffith Jones, of Woburn Place, Russell Square, requesting us to mention that he is not the Dr. Jones referred to in the paragraph with the above heading, which appeared in our number for Nov. 15. We may take this opportunity of observing, that the paragraph in question was extracted from the "Daily News" of a few days previously, and that we are not responsible for the truth of the statements contained in it.

SCARLET AND TYPHUS FEVER are very prevalent in some parts of the South of England, amongst grown-up persons.

AN INFLUENTIAL MEETING, convened to promote the abolition of capital punishments, has been held in Manchester.

MR. COBDEN ON MARITIME LAW.

The following letter from Mr. Cobden to the President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, was read at a recent meeting of the Directors:—

"My dear Sir—Will you allow me to call your attention to a pending diplomatic negotiation, in which our commercial and manufacturing interests are deeply involved? You will have observed a declaration made by the late Paris Congress against privateering. That resolution was afterwards submitted for the approval of the American Government, whose answer has not, I think, attracted all the attention it deserves from our mercantile community.

"In substance, Mr. Marcy, the United States' Foreign Secretary, says:—'We do not maintain, like the great European Powers, large warlike establishments in time of peace, and therefore we should, in case of hostilities, rely on the public spirit and patriotism of our private citizens, who would, with the sanction of Government, convert their merchant ships into vessels of war. To deny to this improvised navy the right of making prizes of your mercantile shipping, while to the thousands of vessels constituting your Royal and Imperial navies this privilege is to be reserved, would be voluntary to surrender our commerce to annihilation. On no conditions whatever will the American Government renounce the use of its mercantile marine in case of war; and the same power to burn, capture, or sink enemy's property, which you give to your Imperial or Royal navies, we shall give to our naval volunteers, whether they be called privateers or by any other name. But being anxious to promote the object aimed at by the Congress, we invite you to carry out your principle by going one step further—except private property on the ocean from seizure by Government-armed cruisers, as well as by privateers, and the United States will readily meet you on that broad ground.'

"Now, really, there is no logical way of meeting this proposition but by an instant acquiescence; and, had it not been misrepresented and dealt with in a spirit of defiance by some of our journals, it must have received unanimous assent in this country as it has from all parties in the United States.

"But, with this declaration against privateering at the Paris Congress, two other resolutions were coupled; and, had their full scope been understood by our plenipotentiaries, it would have led them to propose to add to M. Walewski's proposal the very clause which has now been suggested by Mr. Marcy.

"The Congress declared:—

"That the neutral flag covers an enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband of war.

"That neutral goods, with the exception of contraband of war, are not liable to capture under an enemy's flag."

"These resolutions reverse the most venerated judgments of our Admiralty Courts, and, for the first time, impart the force of maritime law to principles which were rejected by England against the world in arms down to the close of the war in 1815. Without dwelling on the imperious necessity which led us, during the late Russian war, to abandon our ancient belligerent rights, let us look at the altered position in which we should be placed in case of a future rupture with a maritime Power.

"We will suppose—and it is no great stretch of the imagination, after all that diplomacy has achieved during the last three years—that we are at war with France. I remember learning the late Mr. Samuel Gurney state, in the presence of the Prime Minister of the time, as the result of careful inquiry, that the amount of British property in ships and cargoes abroad averaged from £50,000,000 to £100,000,000 sterling. It would be a liberal estimate to put down the amount owned by France at £20,000,000 to £30,000,000. We should thus have nearly four times as much private property exposed to the depredations of Government cruisers as our enemy. But under the new maritime code, which admits the competition of neutrals, it may fairly be questioned whether a merchant ship under either of the belligerent flags would long continue to find it profitable to keep the sea. Railroads, which transmit the heaviest commodities 500 miles with little detriment to the exchangeable value, have virtually put an end to blockade. France, in case of war, could use the ports of Belgium, Holland, or Germany, through which channels her commerce, even with England, might be carried on in neutrals; for once on board an American or Dutch ship, French exports or imports would be safe from molestation. The same applies to British commodities; whether imported raw materials or exported manufactures, they would be liable to seizure only when on board a British vessel. Now, I ask, would it be possible for French and English ships and cargoes, which would be subject to a charge of 10 or 20 per cent. for insurance against risk of capture, to compete with the neutral flag which would be free from any such burden? And bear in mind that our loss would be fourfold that of our enemy, owing to the larger amount of our tonnage exposed to this unequal competition.

"Or, let us suppose ourselves at war with the United States. It may be estimated that the value of American property afloat on salt water—a large part of their navigational as upon the interior lakes and rivers—does not exceed the half of ours. Unless their late proposal were previously adopted, the old system of privateering would be in force on both sides, to which we should offer two-thirds of the prey to their one-third. But the rights of neutrals which were proclaimed at the Paris Congress would admit all the European flags to bring and carry to and from England and America the produce of both countries without risk of capture during the war. Again I would ask—Could a vessel bearing the British flag keep the sea under the circumstances, with 500 or 1,000 armed American vessels cruising against our commerce? It is clear that nobody would charter an English vessel, and no heavy assurance against capture, when a neutral ship could be had free from any such charge. The practical effect, then, of the alterations made in our maritime law at the Paris Conference, if we go no further, would be, in case of war with a naval Power, to transfer the carrying trade even of our own ports to neutral bottoms. It is then our interest especially, and beyond all other countries, to go forward in the path to which the Americans have invited us.

"I cannot help regretting, as an Englishman, that the proposal did not originate with us. But the next best thing will be to give it a prompt and hearty acceptance, and aid in securing for it, if possible, a world-wide acquiescence. It is impossible to foresee all the consequences of such a revolution in the rules of war. It is, I believe, the first time in the annals of the world that the powers of belligerents will be restrained and defined in the interest of individuals by written international law. Who can tell in what other direction the precedent may be followed? Wars will henceforward partake more of the character of duels between Governments than of the old contests of nations. Private citizens will cease to be held responsible, or liable to injury, unless they become participants in the strife. There will no longer be plunder and prize money to add the stimulus of cupidity to the passions of hatred and revenge; and we shall have one pretence less for constantly increasing the burden of war navies in proportion to the growth of foreign commerce, on the plea of protecting our mercantile marine. These are some of the obvious consequences of this proposed innovation upon the traditions and precedents of the last century. The mercantile world will, I trust, allow its voice to be heard upon the question by Government and Parliament; and it is in the hope that the chamber will throw the weight of its great influence into the scale of humanity and progressive civilisation that I have ventured to trouble you with this letter."

RAILWAYS AND REVOLVERS.

Some time since we had occasion to repeat a story, circulated by the "Times," in which a most astounding catalogue of duels were recorded as having taken place in a railway train travelling in Georgia. The style in which these duels were perpetrated was so cold-blooded, the whole circumstances of the case, in fact, were so strangely cruel, that the story excited an extraordinary interest. By most people it was roundly asserted to be a hoax; but the author came forward—Mr. Arrowsmith of Liverpool—announced his name, and vouched for the facts. Since then the story, repeated in a hundred British newspapers, found its way to America, and was received there by the leading journals with derision; the story, it was asserted, was indeed a mere stupid hoax, and the "Times" had been taken in. "John P. King," President of the Georgia Railroad, has come forward to clinch the matter. Writing to the "Times," he says:—

"I know not the object of insulting one with this romance. You know that such occurrences are as likely to happen between Liverpool and London as between Macon and Augusta, and you know equally well that such stuff finds credence with a large class of the ignorant and down-trodden population of Europe, and even with a class of the population of England itself. Let me assure you that the laws against duelling in Georgia are so severe that I don't believe there has been a duel in the State for twenty years. Let me also give some encouragement to English travellers by assuring them that a single traveller has never yet been killed or materially injured in a passenger car in Georgia by a duel or otherwise.

"On our western borders we have had some disgraceful rencounters between land speculators and fanatics, but these have been greatly exaggerated, and were quickly quelled by the approach of the national flag. All free countries will have their political schemers, agitators, and demagogues. England has hers—we have ours. But no more birth in these than you would in the romance of your Georgian traveller. As an English editor, who you seize upon every hope of a dissolution of the States? Your wishes will never be gratified—at least in our time."

The Editor of the "Times" will not be beaten, however. He says:—"We insert Mr. King's letter, as we inserted Mr. Arrowsmith's. Of the two the latter is the more credible, as it is written quietly, gives particulars, and contains no one statement absolutely incredible. The laws against duelling in Georgia may be very severe, but it does not follow that they are enforced; and the statement that there has been no duel in the State for twenty years is about as probable as that no traveller was ever materially injured on a Georgia railway. We happen to know that, though the narrative elicited a storm of general contradiction in New York, after a week's reflection and recollection there arose a feeling in some minds that it was not so improbable after all, and then those who had volunteered an absolute denial found themselves in a rather awkward position."

THE ERITH MURDER.

This crime created so much excitement that it may be worth while to recapitulate its leading features not hitherto very clearly defined.

Thomas Cartwright Worrell and George Carter were, in the ordinary acception of the term, what is called "intimate friends." Worrell had been a successful gold digger, and had made two voyages to Australia, returning each time with a considerable sum of money. Carter was a member of a respectable family, and entitled to several hundred pounds under his father's will. He was, however, of careless habits, and on this account his friends encouraged him to emigrate in the hope that a more attractive field for occupation than appeared likely to offer at home might open to him in Australia. A few days before the murder, Mr. Freeman, of Bucklebury, who is the legal adviser of the family, advanced George Carter £100 for the purpose of procuring his outfit and paying his passage. Carter resided with his sister-in-law, at Battersea, and on the morning of Thursday, November 6, the day before his death, he embarked on fifty sovereigns, and left home with that amount of cash in his possession. He did not return the same night, but about half-past nine o'clock on Friday morning he came home and went up stairs to lie down. Shortly after Worrell called, and Carter having got up, invited him to inspect his outfit, for which purpose he went upstairs. Presently afterwards Worrell and Carter left the house together. Carter did not say where he was going, but, being dressed in a careless manner, with a loose overcoat and cap his friends were led to believe he would return in a few minutes. From that moment he was never seen alive by any of his relations. Worrell called on the Saturday afternoon, and asked if "George" was at home. He was informed that nothing had been heard of him since they had left the house together on the previous day. Worrell expressed surprise, and said he had parted from Carter in the York Road, Battersea, and that Carter told him he was then going to Chelsea. Worrell did not call again at Carter's house for a few days, and nothing was heard of the murdered man by his friends until Wednesday, the 13th inst., when the body, which had been discovered on the previous Saturday, was identified.

We are now led to the village of Erith, on the Kentish shore of the Thames, opposite to Barking, where, between twelve and one o'clock on Friday, November 7, two persons, resembling in gait and figure Carter and Worrell, were observed to arrive by the North Kent steam train from London. On leaving the station, they together proceeded by a private and unfrequented road in the direction of an old and almost deserted denes, about half a mile from Erith, known as Lessey Hall. This place is approached by what must once have been an imposing avenue of trees, but a quarter of a century in the Court of Chancery has reduced the avenue to a "green lane." About midway up this avenue is a narrow causeway, very much overgrown with underwood. About twenty paces within this causeway, on the forenoon of Saturday, the 8th of November, the body of a man was discovered. In the right hand of the deceased, a carpenter's gouge was found fast clenched. This instrument was pointed upwards, and bore evident stains of blood; and on examining the body, no less than sixteen different wounds were found in and about the region of the heart. The body was identified by several of Mr. Carter's relations.

At the inquest, on the 18th, many persons who had known deceased came down to Erith, and among the rest Thomas Cartwright Worrell. He affected to be greatly distressed at his friend's death, and displayed in strong terms the brutality exhibited by the assassin. But when, on the production of the body shirt and of other of the murdered man, Worrell suddenly left the inquest room, suspicion fell on him, and a few hours afterwards he was in custody.

Worrell was lodged in the Greenwich police-station; and on the same evening poisoned himself.

A letter was found in his pocket, on being first searched at the station-house, addressed to his father and mother, expressing his intention to commit suicide. "I must tell you," says he, "that the talk about Carter's affair has so preyed upon my mind that I scarcely know what I am about some times; but I write this to inform you of my innocence in that affair. But there seems to have been a sort of web worked round me that I scarcely can get clear from, but God knows that I am innocent of the crime they would make me guilty of, and so I can't think of walking about. When people have such an opinion of me as that, it is too much for me; so I mean to end my days by taking poison. My dear wife knows nothing of this at present, and I am afraid it will kill her when she knows of it; but I could not possibly think of living to be thought a murderer, as some think me now by all accounts. But still I am innocent of it, for I swear that I did not see him. All I am afraid of is my dear wife, but God send you will be able to take care of her for me, it being my last request. I hope you will not take it ill of me. It cuts my heart to think that I should be thought guilty of such a crime, when the poor fellow was more like a brother to me than anything else, and always behaved as such to me, and better than possible."

There was no date to the letter, but the prisoner acknowledged to Mr. Inspector Wilson, Jun., that he had written it that morning, and had passed at home, which he intended taking had he not been prevented. A watch was set upon him, but he nevertheless managed to swallow a dose of prussic acid, which had escaped the searchers. The poison he had managed to secrete in his boots.

It is clear, however, from the testimony of witnesses at the adjourned inquiry (which we have used in the above summary of the case) that Worrell's statement is at least in one respect false. He did see the deceased on the day in question. The evidence was as follows:—

Mrs. Elizabeth Gardner, cousin of the deceased, proved that on Friday morning, the day of deceased's death, Thomas Cartwright Worrell called upon him, and they left the house together. Witness expected him back in a few minutes, but she saw him no more alive. At five o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, Worrell called, and asked whether "George" was at home? Witness replied his family had not seen him since they left home together on the previous day, upon which Worrell said he had parted from him about noon in the York Road, Battersea.

Abraham Jacobs, hackney carriage driver No. 3,027, proved having driven Worrell, on the morning of Friday, the 7th inst., from Kenning in Cross to Battersea Fields. Witness asked his fare if he should wait to take him back, and he gave him a conditional order to wait one hour. In half an hour Worrell came back and stepping into the cab, told witness to drive to his house, No. 24, Clayton Place, Kennington. Shortly afterwards he picked up a short stout gentleman on the road, and both came on to Vauxhall station, where Worrell got his head out of the window and said, "Don't go to my house. Drive direct to London Bridge Station." Witness did as he was ordered, and drew up on the left-hand side of the incline, near the North Kent Station, about noon. Witness had very frequently driven Mr. Worrell, and knew his person well, having frequently taken himself and his wife to the theatre. It was about twelve o'clock when a witness arrived at the London Bridge Station.

Several witnesses were here examined, who proved beyond all doubt that Worrell and Carter had been seen together in the last witness's cab, on the road to London, on Friday, the 7th inst.—thus positively negating the statement of the accused that he had not been out with Carter on that day.

Mrs. Perkins, wife of a person employed in Price's candle factory, who resides near the railway station, deposed to having seen two persons proceeding from the railway in the direction of Lessey Hall, on Friday, the 7th inst., shortly before one o'clock. She thought at the time that one of them was like George Carter, whom she had known for many years while living at Battersea, and on hearing a dead body had been found in Captain Wootley's "croft," she went to the church and immediately recognised the features of the corpse.

John Mayo, sash maker, of 3, Jew's Row, Wandsworth, identified the gouge taken from the hand of the deceased as his property. He had lent it many months ago to an apprentice of Mr. Worrell, Sen., who had never returned it. He recognised the particular tool by its uneven edge and a peculiar twist in the handle, from having been used on one occasion as a wrench. He had come forward in consequence of statements he had observed in the newspapers, and would undertake to select this particular tool (produced) out of fifty. He had had it twelve years.

The Coroner said the important thing was to trace the tool to the possession of the young man to whom Mayo said he had lent it. Without this the proof was not worth much. The inquiry was again adjourned.

There is one singular fact in connection with this murder—that there was no sign of blood, either on the exterior of Carter's garments, or the spot where the body was found.

THE MURDER OF MR. LITTLE.

No arrest has as yet been made, but the police are still actively prosecuting their inquiries, and it is to be hoped will soon obtain some clue that may lead to the discovery of the murderer. The canal has been drained. Mr. Crofton and Mr. Kinnear, two gentlemen connected with the Dublin Corporation, happened to be looking at the operations of the workmen, and observed a piece of wood appearing above the water which remained in the basin to the depth of two or three inches. It was found that the wood was the handle of a hammer, the head of which was embedded in the mud. It is an engineer's hammer, about eighteen inches in length, having a highly polished broad face on one side and a smaller and angular one at the other. The handle, at about two inches from the head, showed a crack, in which human hair was entangled. Hair was also visible on the head of the hammer itself. Next day a razor was found slightly embedded in the mud. The blade was set in a white handle, and is of a superior kind. No trace of blood is apparent on the blade or handle, but from its having remained in the water for, as is presumed, some few days, all appearance of blood must no doubt have been washed away. It will, however, be subjected to a microscopic examination.

The body of Mr. Little was exhumed and examined by Drs. Porter and Jennings for the purpose of ascertaining whether the wounds were inflicted by the weapons found in the canal; and it is understood that their decided opinion was that the wounds on the head were such precisely as would have been produced by the hammer, the face and point of which fitted exactly the contusions inflicted by the murderer. It is also said that the medical men entertain very little doubt as to the wounds on the throat of the deceased having been made with the razor which was found in such close proximity with the former weapon in the bed of the canal.



PASS OF THE CASPIAN MOUNTAINS IN UPPER PERSIA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY JULES LAURENS.)

ALL-HALLOW EVEN,

COMMONLY CALLED "NUTCRACK NIGHT."

We have always considered it to be one of the most kindly blessings vouchsafed to man, that although the future has been veiled from human eyes, yet Providence has scattered about in all directions thousands of untrailing and inexpensive materials for enabling us to read our destinies. The great door of "To come" has been closed and double-locked; but we may, if we please, peep through the key-hole. A youth stands trembling and anxiously trying to look into time, yet unable to distinguish anything in the thick fog of uncertainty. He asks himself, "What kind of wife shall I marry?" He remembers to have read in books of the highest moral character, written by women of the finest turn of mind, that all domestic

bliss depends solely upon the wife. He remembers, and shudders as he repeats, the axiom of the good Mrs. Barbauld, that beauty is but skin deep, and that virtue scarred by the smallpox is better than flightiness and a peach-tinted skin. He wishes that Mrs. Ellis had been snatched from this wicked world in her teens, and never lived to write that fearful phrase "contentment and a perambulator is preferable—far preferable—to bickering and a brougham." He wonders whether his adored one will wear apricot-coloured gloves and snub him, or whether the hands that crumple his shirt-collar with their affectionate clasp, will be encased in modest mittens. In the midst of this dilemma, and whilst the perplexed youth is vainly straining his eyes to pierce the woolly fog of the future, up steps that lively link-boy, Experience, and thus addresses his

honour, "Why do you torment yourself, when Providence has blessed you with the means of solving your doubts? Has Mother Bunch lived in vain? Was her 'Closet newly Broke Open' done in stupid sport, or is there truth on the shelves? Are onions dear? No! Then listen to the directions of that wise woman. Go, buy a halfpenny saucer of onions. Take your onion and pare it, and at night lay it on a clean handkerchief, under your pillow; put on a clean shirt, and as you lie down, lay your arms abroad and say these words:—

"God St. Thomas, do me right,
And bring me to my love this night,
That I may view her in the face,
And on her cheek may her embrace."



OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS, NO. V.—NUT-BURNING ON ALL-HALLOW EVE.—(DESIGNED BY KENNY MEADOWS.)

Then with your arms abroad, go to sleep as quickly as possible. And in your first sleep, you shall dream of her who is to be your wife, and she will come and offer to kiss you."

How simple and comforting is such an assurance! What does it matter if the onion is a strong smelling bulb? Its suffocating odour will in this trial draw forth tears of joy. If the fair vision does not object to the scent, why should you? If you are given to talking in your sleep, tell her you had roast pork for dinner.

All-hallow Even is the vigil of All-Saints' Day, which is on the 1st of November. We are very sorry that we did not write this article a month since, for we have a thousand directions to give for enabling fond, yearning hearts of both sexes to tell their matrimonial future. We regret this

delay the more because most likely some of our readers may, before next Hallow Eve comes round again, be married to the wrong persons, instead of being united to the phantoms our charms would have raised up.

It is a strange circumstance that the same spells and conjurations are practised at Halloween in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and that they seem to have existed ever since the marriage service was introduced. The Irish, who are all born thirsty, have taken advantage of the festival to introduce the drinking of a compound of ale, known as "lamb's wool," among the mystic ceremonies. According to Burns, the Scotch always eat "sowens," with butter instead of milk to them, at a Halloween supper; but until we have tasted the food with this strange-sounding name, we shall refrain from offering an opinion on the wisdom of this

custom. We do not like the word, for it conveys a rancid, porky idea to the mind. Could any of our kind readers in Scotland oblige us by forwarding, through the medium of the Post Office, a little bit of sowens, carefully enclosed in a piece of oil-silk, or any other water and butter-proof material?

Apples, ale, and nuts were and are indispensable at a Halloween celebration. A century back, it was considered as customary to observe this festival, as it is now to eat plum-pudding on Christmas Day. The famous conjuror of Dublin—Harvey—says in a letter: "I am alone, but the servants having demanded apples, ale, and nuts, I took the opportunity of running back my own annals of All-hallows Eve." This shows that if the celebrated conjuror had refused, there would have been a rare to do in the

kitchen. We should like to see servants demanding apples, ale, and nuts of their masters now-a-days. We rather think the answer would be, "This day month, and you needn't expect any character from me."

Halloween was vulgarly called "Nutcrack Night," because that fruit was more hugely devoured than any other. For the time, the revellers attacked the hard-shelled coals, hazels, and filberts, as if they had been so many squirrels. The surgeon-dentists of the period encouraged the custom. Two pints was not looked upon as an unwholesome quantity for a middle-aged lady. The more enthusiastic cracked on till either their teeth or their appetites gave way.

But nuts were not only used for the mere animal pleasure of eating, but also for affording hope and consolation to the impatient and doubtful bachelor and spinster. The individual who could calmly devour his or her pints without sacrificing a few of them in seeking for propitious omen as to the matrimonial future, was only worthy of an indigestion and a tooth-ache. The nut-burning charm was performed after this fashion. A pair of nuts had the name of a lady and gentleman given to them, and were then placed in the fire. If they burned quietly together, then it promised a happy marriage or a hopeful love, but if the female nut bounced off with a bang, or the male nut exploded with a crack, or if they flew apart in any way, then it was useless for that couple to think any more of each other, for their courtship would be nothing but a series of bouncings, bangs, and cracks, which would be more likely to end in a six-months' imprisonment than a wedding day. But if the nuts should blaze together and lie burning side by side, motionless as love birds on the perch, then the happy couple might make their minds easy as to their setting in life—she might, on reaching home, burn her thick packets of love letters, and he return his love locks to their original heads. Then he might, without impropriety, ask her where she walked alone on Sundays; she might work him flowery slippers; her modesty need not blush to accept the golden present, however costly the jewel might be, for in a few mouths it and the lovely wearer would be his own again; she never to part, and the bracelet too, unless money should become awfully scarce.

The gentle Gay, with mild hilarity, chirps in his "Spell"—

"Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,
That in a flame of brightest colour blazed.
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow."

In Ireland, it is a custom with the girls to test the constancy of their boys, at any time of the year, by means of nuts. This is rendered necessary, from the peculiar disposition of the men in that country to make love to every girl they meet. As soon as the young lady has remembered the names of all the gentlemen who have sworn to adore her, she calls the nuts after them, and, three at a time, subjects them to the fiery ordeal. A nut, which only over-night had sworn "to burst its harrat intestine, if it was treated badly at all, at all," has been known to bounce with a bang over to the other side of the room, like a soda-water cork.

In the large engraving of "Burning Nuts on All-hallow Eve," our artist has imagined a party of simple-hearted villagers amusing themselves with a gentle flirtation at nut-burning. They have very cleverly got rid of all the old people, or we are sure that young lady on the right would never have dared to put her arms round the neck of the youth nursing his leg. We only hope her little brother, on the other side, will tell of her bold conduct. Her excuse would be that their nuts blazed with a mutual fondness; but although that might explain why he should attempt to fondle her, it is no reason at all for her caressing him in so public a manner. That girl is capable of marrying four times, if she has the chance. One of the damsels is evidently feeling a sensation of chokedness in the throat, brought on by her nut having exploded like a cracker. She puts her hand on her young man's shoulder, as if to beseech him not to mind the bang; but she isn't very good looking, and he has a sly expression about the eyes, as though he were running over in his mind the names of the other angels he would like to adore. One fond couple, who have been successful in their nut-burnings, have retired to the background, and the youth is now endeavouring to convince his fair partner that the nuts don't burn quietly together for nothing, and that there is a good deal more in such things than meets the eye. The damsel is thinking the matter over, which accounts for her sideways glance.

Young women in Scotland, we are told, determine the figure and size of their husbands by pulling up cabbages blindfold on Halloween. We object strongly to a man, the noblest of creation, being in any way compared to a cabbage, which is a low-class vegetable of an ugly form, and with an unpleasant perfume. Surely the lords of the universe should not be classed with rabbit's food!

The cabbage-drawing ceremony is practised in this manner:—The girls are blindfolded, and then joining hands, they enter the garden, and pull up the first plant they come to. If it be a big one, so will the future husband be; if the stem be crooked, then the intended's legs will be sadly out of the perpendicular. If any earth stick to the roots, then the man will bring money with him, for riches are dirt, and luck is filthy; but, as the Highlander said, "It'll bear washing." It is proper to observe, that the "yard" in which the "couthie" Scotch lasses "wale their joes among the greenkale," must belong either to a bachelor or a widower.

Sowing hempseed is another of the mystic rites practised on this Eve. A lady steals out unperceived by her friends, and sows a handful of hempseed in the garden, dragging after her anything she can find so as to harrow it. All the time she keeps on repeating, "Hemp seed, I sow thee—hemp seed, I sow thee; and may he who is to be my true love come after me and pull thee." If she is lucky, she will on looking over her left shoulder see a gracefully-attired gent, behind her in the attitude of pulling hemp. In making this trial it is better not to sow the hemp in a flower-bed, for fear the angry gardener should be the youth the lady beholds on looking backwards; and since the great French Revolution, Claude Melnotte has become very scarce.

Should any lady be afraid of catching cold by venturing into the open air, she can try her matrimonial future in her own room. She has only to throw a ball of blue thread out of window, and then wind it back again into a reel. By and by something will catch hold of the thread, and then she must ask with an effort, "Who holds?" and a flute-like voice will warble out its Christian and surname, and state the exact amount of pin-money he is prepared to allow her after her marriage.

A rather dirty, but no doubt amusing, trial may be imposed upon those single gentlemen who are anxious to see the spare arm-chair filled with a luxuriant skirt. You take three saucers, and fill one with pure water, another with dirty water, and leave the third one empty. The bachelor is first blindfolded, and next led to the hearth where the saucers are arranged, and then allowed to grope about until he dips his left hand into one of them. If it is the clean one, that fellow is all right. His dinner will always be ready to a moment, his tea always strong and sweet, and as for smoking, his rosebud will say it is good for him. If the hand dips into the foul water, then he had better turn sailor or commercial traveller, and be only at home one month out of the twelve, and even then dine out every day, and only come home with the milk, for his future wife will be such a vixen, that he'll lose his hair in three years. If the hand goes into the empty saucer, alas! wretched man! he must live and die as single as an oyster. To him every baby-linen warehouse will be like a pinch of snuff to his eyes, to draw forth the tears and groans. Let such a man keep a turnpike-gate on a lonely road.

For the benefit of the younger members of the joyful meeting, whose innocence cannot yet comprehend the delight of seeing two nuts blazing together in loving sympathy, our ancestors introduced on Halloween the pastime of ducking, after apples in a tub of water, and trying to catch them in the mouth, whilst the hands are tied behind the back. Another sport was to place an apple on one end of a lath and a lighted candle on the other, and then suspending the beam by the centre to the ceiling, to make boys, with the arms tied down, bite at the fruit. Of course the lath swung round, and the candle came bouncing against the lad's cheek. But after reading the more sentimental descriptions of Halloween amusements, what sensible person, unless inordinately and unnaturally fond of apples, could find pleasure in such mere absurdity? No! we are for love in a cottage and love in a nut. The cabbages we despise, and give our

share of the cow-feeding legume to any one who likes to have it. The ball of blue cotton is pretty, if you know when the lady is about to make the experiment, provided she be beautiful, amiable, and rich.

In case any of our gentlemen readers would like to try the nut-burning next Halloween, we will tell them a secret which might prove of use. If you make a small hole in the sides of the nuts—say with a pin or the point of a pen-knife—the nut will burn as quietly as a potato in an oven, and your sweetheart need not know anything about it.

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* * PARTIES requiring back numbers of the "Illustrated Times" to complete sets, are informed that the majority of these, the quantity on hand is becoming rapidly exhausted, and that it is not intended to incur the expense of reprinting them. Such numbers as may be required should therefore be at once ordered of the respective agents.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1856.

THE RECENT FRAUDS.

THE commercial delinquencies of this year have not only had such an effect on trade itself as to make people withdraw money from banks and put it in the funds, but have formed a general social topic. Of course, there is a tendency to "work" the last new bugbear, whether it be gambling or garrotting: but enough certainty exists, as to the prevalence of swindling, to make the world justly uneasy. Whispers are abroad, to the effect that every railway has its secret Redpath, and most companies their secret Robson, and we fear frauds by day as we do footpads by night. Under the circumstances, the phenomenon of this frequency of villainies is worth investigating.

This country at present combines two kinds of civilisation, the union of which is likely enough to breed swindlers. First, we have an immense commercial activity of every kind, which naturally produces gambling; and, secondly, we have a cultivated and luxurious society, which adds its own class of temptations to the first-named. The two play into each other's hands. It is tempting to a rogue to humbug the money-making East End, and tempting to him to enjoy the money-spending West End. So we have jobbers buying race-horses, and swells running after shares; and the two bodies act and react on each other. It is not that the essential features of either system are to blame. Rich aristocracies are naturally luxurious, and great traders ought to be speculative; but the union of such powers in one city is a hotbed in which some rank growths must come. It is always a ticklish thing for a State when speculation and luxury are raging together. Frederick the Great used always to attribute to the law gamblers some of the most mischievous features of the system which produced the French Revolution. And we now see, in France, the same combination doing political mischief and producing political corruption. Statesmen there are so bent on making money, that they wink at the dangers of political dishonour. Their only notion of a breeze is something to be used for turning a windmill—not a power to be wisely brought to bear on the sails of the State vessel. And among ourselves, we can see similar influences affecting our public life—apathy on public questions, indifference to great ideas—all produced by that languor which comes after the lavishing of all power on "getting and spending."

Each of the two great impostors of recent times is a specimen of different kinds of products of this system. Robson was the mere modern George Barnwell kind of youth—a hunter after animal excitement—a product of the modern Town, with its Cockney vices and low aims. He was our fast rascal, or Newgate gent. Redpath, again, was a respectable "do." His history suggests the excellent poem of Coleridge and Southey:—

"And, pray, how was the devil drest?
Oh, he was drest in his Sunday best.
His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,
With a hole behind for his tail to come through."

He patronised whatever it was fashionable to patronise, encouraged virtue, and dabbled in *virtu*. Robson's career was blackguardism; Redpath's was varnished with cant, and thinly gilt with art. Robson was for conquering the world as the god Krishna conquered Ceylon—at the head of an army of asses. Redpath thought it the safest way to enter Paradise in the disguise of a serpent. One appealed to the mob's love of show; the other, to the mob's love of show combined with decorum.

The success of each for so long enables us to see mob weaknesses. The Crystal Palace Directors pardoned the vices of so dashing a clerk—he was not successful in speculation somewhere? thought they. With regard to the other and higher man, why, thought his employers, he was successful in speculation too. Society, meanwhile, knocked under to the glitter of both. In fact, we see every day the waning of any regard for simplicity or solidity of merit. Display carries it everywhere; and any upstart who is electro-plated is received as perfectly current. It is a *habit of public thought* which is the real strength of his kind of fellows, and till that be amended, they must rise, shine, be exposed, and transported, in successive batches. The evil will help to cure itself by becoming enormous: that is one consolation; another is, that external castigation must ultimately come upon a country which so misplaces its admiration as to worship upholstery. One reason we respect war is, that the late war was helping us to something better to admire than we had long been used to. The really good qualities of the nation get mixed up with a baser element every day—religion with purple-worship, charity with notoriety-hunting, loyalty with plush-worship, &c., &c., &c.

These are tendencies only to be amended by each man's fighting against them in his own sphere of life. Meanwhile, the good old plan of severely punishing the detected rogue has our warmest support. Let us lay in plenty of oakum, and more timber for tread-mills, and at once hand over our sleek rogues to precisely the fate of the common vagabond. Natural fear (a sentiment one can rely on) will make our men of business look more sharply to the conduct of their servants; and the private man will be apt to look suspiciously for some time at any undue magnificence about his neighbour.

THE PERSIAN DIFFICULTY.

THERE is another rumour to the effect that Herat has fallen. We are informed that the Czar has given decorations to several Persians of distinction, and has assured the chief minister to the Shah of his "high esteem."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN, we hear, is again encephalic, and the birth of another Prince or Princess may be expected about next March.

LADY STAFFORD, wife of the present Lord Stafford, and cousin to the Duke of Norfolk, was found dead in her bed this morning of Thursday week, at Tetney Park, near Norwich. Her Ladyship had suffered recently from the rupture of a blood-vessel, but was believed to be returning to convalescence.

MR. PETER ROLF has intimated his intention of resigning his seat for Greenwich. His reason for this step is, that having purchased Mr. Mark's building yard at Blackwall, he may in course of business undertake contracts with the Government. This announcement has taken the borough by surprise.

DOCTORS' COMMONS was in danger last week: a fire destroyed the premises of Messrs. Hodgkinson and Rolis, stationers; they situated on the Precinct Court, and faced the Herald's College. Fortunately, the fire was confined to the stationers' warehouse—a pile erected after a fire in 1841.

AN EXPLOSION recently occurred at the powder manufactory of Blandy (France), by which the whole building was blown down. One person was killed, and two others seriously wounded.

GENERAL CODRINGTON has received permission from General Lord to take some English huts in the Crimea, for the inhabitants of that country have suffered most from the war, reserving the right to distribute some of them himself.

MR. JOHN COOPER, jun., of Great Munden, was hunting, when his horse fell on its knees, and in struggling to get up, struck its rider on the temple with its head, occasioning his death some hours after wards.

AN ASSISTANT-OVERSEER of the STAMFORD UNION, named Withorne, was conveying a lunatic by the railway, when she died in the carriage; a coroner's jury have strongly censured Withorne for not having paid her sufficient attention.

A NATIVE WET NURSE, employed in the family of the Hon. Mr. Darnley, at Agra, poisoned one of her master's children with opium, because Mrs. Darnley insisted upon her going with them to the Hills.

THE WORKS OF MESSRS. FOX, HENDERSON, AND CO., are now raised under inspection for the benefit of the creditors.

THE FOLLOWING AMIABLE ALLUSION TO ENGLAND appears in an article in Piedmont, in the "Gazette de France":—"Let us draw up the viceroy of the nation, and expose the trader who wanders about the globe disguised as a knight."

MEMORIAL TABLETS are to be erected in some important place, to commemorate the loss of the ships Birkenhead and Europa with a large body of troops on board. The design will be prepared under the surveillance of the Inspector General of Fortifications.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL completed her sixteenth year on Friday week, having been born on the 21st of November, 1840.

ALL OFFICERS upon ENTERING THE SERVICE are to proceed at once to a depot battalion for instruction in every branch of the service, even to the use of the rifle, and they will not be allowed to join their regiments until they are fully acquainted with the drill.

MR. BRIGHT, M.P., on the earnest recommendation of his physicians, has determined not to appear in Parliament during the ensuing session. It is said that he tendered the resignation of his seat, but that his friends declined to accept his resignation.

AT A WEDDING AT LLANELLY, the other day, the father of the girl took himself to make the responses for his intended son-in-law, and the parties were about leaving before a discovery was made, but they were brought back, and the ceremony was repeated—the bridegroom now taking his own proper part.

A NEW CENSUS FOR AUSTRALIA is to be taken in December.

MR. ROBERT STEPHENSON, M.P., is in a precarious state of health.

A SHORTER RIFLE AND SWORD will be issued to the rifle regiments, we believe, as the one now in use is too long for light field movements.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DEBY, with their guests the Count de Persigny and Madame Persigny, paid a visit to St. George's Hall, Liverpool, last week.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, according to a recent rumour, had gained a convert in the Duchess of Athol. Dr. Cunningham denies that there is any truth in the report.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, the celebrated traveller, was expected home by the India, which recently arrived at Southampton, and several gentlemen were in attendance at the docks to receive him. No one on board, however, had heard anything of the Doctor.

THE LATE GENERAL GUYON left two sons and one daughter. The Emperor of the French has nominated one of the boys to a vacancy in the Polytechnic School, and has promised, if possible, to provide for the other lad.

OWING TO THE SCARCITY OF BULLION, the principal French dealers in gold, who furnish the jewellers with their raw material, have suddenly refused to give any credit whatever. This measure has already compelled many small manufacturers to leave off work.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE's collection of antiquities left Naples, by the Milan, on Thursday week, and were expected to arrive in England on Saturday (to-day).

THE EMIGRATION COMMISSIONERS have advertised for vessels to carry emigrants to Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, to be ready for passengers before the 12th and 19th of January, as may be hereafter determined.

SIR ALEXANDER BANNERMAN, for some time past Governor of the Bahamas, has been promoted to the Governorship of Newfoundland, in succession to Mr. Darling, now Governor of Jamaica.

THE SLAVES OF LEWIS B. NORWOOD, of Granville, N.C., recently murdered their master, by pouring a large pot of boiling water down his throat.

A PILOT BOAT left West Hartlepool recently with three men. She was shortly afterwards found abandoned and lying upon her broadside. The men have not been heard of, and it is feared they have been drowned.

A POOR WOMAN LIVING NEAR CORK, left her two children at home by themselves; on her return she found that the cottage was burnt down, and the children had perished.

A POCKET-BOOK, containing Australian bills on a London Bank for £10,000, bank notes to the amount of £11, and a number of letters of introduction, was stolen on Saturday from a German gentleman, just arrived from Australia.

M. ROTHCHILD, it is said—somewhat apocryphally, perhaps—has entered into a contract with the Bank of France to supply it with 250 millions of francs, or, say £11,200,000 in specie, to be made in monthly payments in the course of next year.

EXCAVATIONS have been carried on for five years past at a cairn, 250 feet in height, situated near Alexandropol (Russia), and numerous articles of gold, silver, bronze, and clay, as also of iron shafts and rods, skeletons of horses, and ornaments of gold, have been brought to light. The cairn is supposed to be the catacomb of some of the Scythian kings.

PRINCE ALFRED OF ENGLAND, after having visited different places on the Continent, has arrived at Geneva, where his Royal Highness is to pass the winter.

A GREAT FIRE broke out in St. John's, Newfoundland, on the 5th inst., by which over 200 tenements were destroyed. The loss is estimated at 50,000 dollars.

MR. WARREN, M.P. and Recorder of Hull, has been mentioned as a candidate to succeed the present Solicitor-General as Recorder of London.

ACTIVE MEASURES in favour of a bill for removing the pressure of our present taxes from literary institutions are being taken, we believe, so as to secure for it a better reception in the coming Session of Parliament than the bill met with in the last.

THE TOWN OF LA PAZ, LOWER CALIFORNIA, was almost entirely destroyed by a hurricane on the 16th of October. Few lives were lost; but all the vessels lying in the harbour were driven ashore and wrecked, and the houses which were spared by the wind were washed away by the tide. The gale, which was accompanied by heavy rain, lasted thirty hours.

THE IMPERIAL LIBRARY AT VIENNA has just received the valuable addition of a collection of Turkish and Arabic MSS. of great rarity. The collection was made by the Dragoman Secretary to the Imperial Internuncio at Constantinople, Baron de Schleichta, who was engaged for eight years in the necessary researches.

MR. J. M. RENDEL, F.R.S., the Engineer of the Admiralty and other public works, died on Friday night (21st), from severe cold taken a few days previously.

THE COUNTIES IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND are one by one adopting the provisions of the Police Bill of last Session.

THE INVALID TROOPS now stationed at St. Mary's Barracks, Chatham, awaiting an order for their discharge, are so numerous that the Commissioners from Chelsea Hospital have been occupied for three days in medically inspecting those non-commissioned officers and men who had been recommended for discharge from the service.

THE STATUE TO THE LATE GENERAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER (in bronze, and sixteen feet high), has been erected in the square opposite the Union Club House.

THE LIBRARY OF THE LATE MR. YARRELL, Vice-President of the Linnean Society, has been sold by auction. The catalogue comprised many valuable books, and the sale realised £1,100.

THE REV. FRANCIS CLICE has been officially nominated to the Deanery of Carlisle, void by the promotion of Dr. Tait, now Bishop of London.

THE BAN OF CROATIA, the well-known Jellachich, is seriously ill at Agram.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS

days wedding correspondent, "Trois Mois," send me a relative to my last week's criticisms on Robert's giving him his antic surfeit of as on to myself, of the stress and cleverness with which he treats the subject.

[illegible]

never, I am still unconvinced. It must be recollected that from the admitted Redpath's sin, and did not attempt any palliation of it; saying, that for myself individually, it would have been more to know that the money of which I had been defrauded had been actually want or in forcing art, than in the encouragement of it. The argument of "Trois Etoides" as to the sense of honour relieved will not hold water; for, as it was not to be exact or new the direct source whence the money bestowed on him—there, so it is absurd to expect that now, when a crisis has come, he should or return the gift. In 1846, Robson and Redpath were and will both receive their medal of honour. Let us not affect alone, without caring how or where their salvation is; and let us wait patiently for those eminent, respectable, and persons, which must doubtless speedily take the place of Sir Alexander Cockburn to the Lord Chief Justice, even general satisfaction on both to the public and the bar, with the new justice always has been popular; and what is he is popular both with men of station and with the poor. The assignments are very few in number, and divided into two classes. Some thinking Cockburn too much of a lawyer, and another for not being, others objecting to him on account of certain vague statements as to his "loose life," as though eminent barristers were to order, *sans peer of sans reproche*," born with the judicial emblem on their brows and their wigs on their head, never having known human water excitement than the defence of a cause. No one has yet called Baron Martin's frequenting of Tattersall's, as either did his fact or biased his opinions. The appointment of Mr. Stuart Wortley as Solicitor-Generalship, *vice* Sir Richard Bethell promoted, is not certainly so favourable a manner. A moderate lawyer and a lukewarm politician, this gentleman has but his Profile to agencies to commend to the Premier's notice; in selecting him, Lord Palmerston has passed many able and influential men, and will most likely have cause to rue choice. The future Recorder has yet to be definitely named. Mr. Bell Garvey was spoken of; but the long-suffering and hardly-used men want a champion for their rights in Parliament, and rumour says "Sergeant Sam," the redoubtable of Midhurst and "Ten Thousand" has been asked to apply for the berth. Mr. Montague Chambers is said to be in the field.

layers of pleasant social and domestic fun will be glad to hear that Joan Leech has made a further selection of his unpolitical contributions to "Punch," which will shortly be published in a collected form. I am pleased at being able to contradict the paragraph about Mr. W. Russell's illness, which was inserted in my *feuilleton* of last week, in that was written, I knew that the members of Mr. Russell's family were in great anxiety concerning him. I have, however, since seen it in his own hand, dated "Batschi Serai," in which he makes no mention of his illness, but, on the contrary, speaks of the manner in which he has enjoyed his Russian trip.

Trusting, Sir, it will not be considered out of place, if I here seek to do a slight tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Bogue, whose death I had the pleasure of enjoying during the last few years. He was a man so simple-minded and kind-hearted—so honest and true, of such straightforward integrity—that those whom he has left behind will find when they are of an age to appreciate the fact—that his name is a passport for them in the world to all who knew him. A thorough man of business, even when he had attained wealth and position he continued to turn into the most minute details of his trade. There are many persons, now favourites with the public, who owe their first recognition, and subsequent advancement, to his fostering kindness.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"Keepsake" comes to us this year bound in its accustomed red and gold covering, but with contents widely different those of Lygon's years. Formerly the names of Messrs. Dickens, and Sir Bulwer Lytton were to be found amongst those of contributors, but of late they have been absent from its pages. The principal *litterateurs* who have written for the present number, are Mr. Mrs. Barrett Browning, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Owen Meredith, Barry Cornwall, Henry Corley, Charles Swain, Albert Smith, and Edmund Spenser, some of whom have contributed prose, some poetical articles, some exceeding three or four pages. The rest of the book is made up by tales and verses by amateur ladies and gentlemen, who apparently found their way into print—or, at all events, into publication—for the first time, and are determined to make it most of their chance. From this category I must except the fair editress, Miss White Power, whose sketches, both in prose and verse, are finished and ripe. Mr. Chorley's lines on the "Portrait of Lady Molesworth," are of a tender without morbid sentimentality. Mr. Owen Meredith's "Story of a Little Blue Flower," though reading like a translation from German, is extremely pretty, and the scraps of verse interspersed bear strong proofs of that refined poetical taste for which he is establishing his reputation. Mr. Albert Smith narrates a story and legends believed in by the chamois hunter of his territory. Mr. Hawthorne gives a most picturesque and interesting account of his visit to Croxeter, the scene of Joan's school. Mr. Yeats versifies upon that not very poetical subject, a Brighton Sabbath. Mrs. Browning's stanzas, "Amy's Cruelty," are certainly what might have been expected from her, but her husband bounds in the following verses, certainly the prettiest in the book:

MAY AND DEATH.

BY FORT BROWNING.

I wish that when you died last May,
Charles, there had died along with you
Three-parts of Spring's delightful things;
Ay, and for me, the fourth part too.

[illegible]

The priestess represents, in the course of time, to me to be portraits of Lady Meteyond and of Mrs. Pao, and a lady so delineated "Beatrice." Mr. S. is a portrait of a wise, exalted in last year's Academy, and a portrait of a man, at his own reason to be contented with "a treatment" of his own, and the engraver's hand.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

MR. A. BERT SMITH'S new entertainment, which commenced on Monday night, can scarcely with propriety be called by its well known title of "Lost Time," inasmuch as he so severely enjoys studies to the monarch of amusement during his leisure. The description of the amusement is omitted, but the views of the summer region, which have been republished by Mr. Ticknor, and include several new features, are shown as a series of *capricci* on the poets. Mr. Smith's route commences now at Cologne, proceeds to the Rhine as far as Mayence, and branches off to Frankfurt and Hildesberg, at which last town the first part of the entertainment ends. The second part is devoted entirely to a description of Baden, its environs and visitors, for the further illustration of which three admirable views of the exterior and interior of the *Alte Schlösser*, and of the exterior of the *Concertschönheit*, have been painted by Mr. Beverly. Mr. Smith's description of the galleries, of the *table d'hôte* frequenters, and of the visitors generally, is amusing and delicate; its appreciation not only of the traveling English, but of holiday folk generally, at places of continental resort, is most keen, and he introduces a new feature in the persons of a German Swagman at Baden Bar, who explains the celebrated history of Ponce or Kasperl, of a German Chap-look who gulls the grinning country people with his rapiers, and of a Savoyard with a larding-pot, who sells his national airs to his own instrument. In the route home by Cl. Bon, Geneva, Paris and Boulogne, we meet that wonderful Englishman with the doubtful French in rose-book, who makes here mistakes taken over, and we again encounter the Daguerer, who this year has a dulter and more incomprehensible story than ever.

A new farce called "Jones the Avenger," translated from "*Le Malin des Innocens*," by Mr. Faubourg, has been produced with success at the Olympie.

Travels. By the Author of "Amy Herbert," &c. London: Longmans.

AMONG the ladies of this generation who have won celebrity as writers of novels—and they are not few—Miss Sewall occupies a distinguished place. So far as appreciation of her talent is concerned, her position with the public may be described as decidedly enviable. Few now read "Amy Herbert" and "Cleve Hall" could refrain from expressing admiration of the ability displayed. But while feeling strongly that Miss Sewall had attained so high a standard of excellence in that department of fiction in which she has no superior, many objected to the tone which the authoress assumed on ecclesiastical questions. Some people, we can well believe, were seriously offended, and we must add, not without reason. But however that may have been, "Ivor" is undoubtedly, in this respect, an improvement on its predecessors, and contains little or nothing which can give offence, either to those who—like ourselves—prefer keeping their creeds distinct from their amusements, or to those who entertain serious objections to grave matters of religion being introduced into works of fiction.

"Ivory" does not boast of anything that can be called a plot; and that, we venture to think, is a serious want. The two volumes of which the work consists, narrate the fortunes of two cousins, Helen and Susan. These, at the opening, figure as little girls, and at the close, one "as the useful, happy mother;" the other "as the gentle, kindly, unimpassioned old maid;" and the incidents spring so naturally out of each other, and the characters are drawn with so much care, and finished with so much completeness, that the interest of the reader is kept up throughout. Moreover, the attention is at once arrested by a personage, who figures conspicuously in the various scenes, and produces a striking effect as she is presented to the imagination.

"Lady Augusta Clare was a woman of systems. She had been brought up upon no plan hers; if, her mind therefore was unshackled by early prejudices, and at liberty to form its theories at will. She possessed a fair amount of quickness of intellect, with a more than average amount of physical and mental energy. These are not the materials for happiness in the gay and frivolous world; and, as Lady Augusta Mordaunt, her life had been a disappointed one. An only daughter, young, handsome, and rich, she was courted and flattered by society, yet it failed to satisfy her; and by the time she was thirty she had formed systems for its reconstruction, discussed with metaphysicians, and drawn forth in long and wordy manuscript essays, which, if they did not tend to convert her friends to her opinions, at least convinced herself that she was too superior to run any risk of being converted by them. In a fit of disgust, the mania of usefulness attacked her. She became the patroness of innumerable benevolent institutions; but all were found to be based upon some fundamental error. Lady Augusta set herself to reform them, and found no one willing to co-operate with her. If the world would not be charitable in her way, she could not be charitable in the world's way; and she fled to science as a refuge. But here there was an embarrass de richesses—not one system, but many. Lady Augusta's mind was in perpetual agitation; one theory after another was adopted, idolised, proved, and found defective, and thrown aside. The old weakness was returning, when, happiness looked for! at the age of forty a new interest presented itself—the grand interest—the grand problem of the nineteenth century—education, and in a form most attractive to a person who had for years been seeking in vain for an object on which to expend all the superabundant energy of her character.

"Sir Henry Clare, a widower, allured himself, his income of ten thousand a year, his seat in the country, his house in town, all for Lady Augusta's acceptance, with only the drawback of the care of two children, a boy of twelve, generally, at school, and so not likely to be in the way, and a little girl of seven, who was, of course, to be educated at home. Sir Henry himself might have been refused, though he was an honest-hearted, upright, English gentleman. Lady Augusta had declined many more advantageous offers, for her the precious early life had been anti-nuptimonial, and Sir Henry was not likely to prove a very sympathetic companion; but the little girl—just the age for education, the mind just opening, the feelings fresh, the taste untutored—it was an opportunity for usefulness which might never again occur; it seemed actually wrong to refuse; the poor child might fall into such bad hands; having no mother, her situation would be so forlorn. Lady Augusta, without much difficulty, thought herself into the belief that the fact of the offer being made was the suggestion of a paramount duty, and, after due delay, and consideration of responsibilities, and self-pitying sighs, consented to become the mistress of Ivors Park and the step-mother of little Helen. That she was also the wife of Sir Henry Clare was either the accident of such circumstances than the cause.

"After the accident, both the circumstances and the people involved were so different that I felt that I had been reborn," said Lady Augusta. "My own husband was cold, but in a harsh-mannered, yet not altogether worldly manner. My new husband, Augustus Clare was cold, but more gentle—less worldly in appearance, more worldly in reality. She had found her object in life, and in that she was satisfied; but her marriage had begun in self-deceit, and in self-deceit it continued. She had professed to marry Sir Henry Clare because she could love, honour, and obey him. She married him in fact because she wanted occupation, and independence, and a new mode of life. That one great falsehood tainted her whole character. Whatever she might have been before, she was at least sincere—her aims had been for the time real; now she was acting a part—good, indeed, in the eyes of the world, often involving sacrifice, and always demanding thought and exertion, but not the less surely tending to the degradation of the moral tone.

"Lady Augusta had entered upon her married life with the determination to be an exemplary step-mother, yet far less because she felt the duties of her position than because it would be an honour to triumph over its difficulties. It was an opportunity for testing her theories, and she rejoiced in it, and, to a

[illegible]

She suspected, almost of evil, a man with which should suffer for its own amusement and occupation. He must not be a teacher, but a prince. All these considerations, in the range of Lady Augusta's life, were of a vulgar kind. All she cared for, for herself was high, or was chiefly, in the excitement of the systems purveyed by her friends, and by herself in the discovery of their fumes. Scarcely one claim of her regard, or her belief, had been in their turn been met with, or a feeling of which she might have been able to do but little, and a deal of a deal. Of course, when people are not true with their own feelings, it is supposed that they can do, and are doing, better than these. The world is always a time led by assumption, and Lady Augusta, by dint of constant lamentation over the shortcomings of her friends and judicious hints of Her's rapid improvement, had obtained a wonderful reputation for her own plan. In what it consisted, no one indeed exactly knew, for Helen was rarely seen beyond the limits of the park; and a communication between the French governess and any families in the neighbourhood was strictly forbidden. Lady Augusta's great fear was to be left her little girl alone to form and struggle, and to do as she went, commented up in the adjoining town of Weymouth, and the more she only another form of pride. But the friends, devoted to integrity at all times, and with Lady Augusta that such exclusiveness was only necessary. With her system, her dread of evil, her determination to bring Helen up simply, without pretension or absurdity, it would not be possible to throw her amongst other people, she would infallibly run her, and the little coture from the very London world gathered round their once sistering and school-girl, who, from the heart of her supreme affection for her, Lady Augusta accused upon the errors of the common herd, and thanked God that Helen would never be

...and a love for "himbers," even in the "haze of fumes of rank," we are glad to find Miss Sewell's experience very different from that of her father's; and, as Miss Sewell remarks, "a real advantage that such a character as that of Lady Augusta Carey would be exhibited in the form of an imaginary personage, and thus thoroughly comprehended, rather than merely reproached in general terms." However, it seems that, with all her faults, Lady Augusta, in one respect, was right. Her stepdaughter could never turn out a common person, being as likely to grow in evil as in good, and in either case with the luxuriance of a tropical climate.

"Her mother had been the grand-daughter of a Spanish nobleman; and the proud, exalted, Spanish spirit was as deeply to be traced in Helen's disposition as in the least of her own eyes and the outline of her otherwise fair features. Probably no temper but one so determined as that of Lady Augusta would have been able to cope with it, and the struggle had at first been even for her. Hence in her wildness Helen had tried every harsh means of intimidation which ever her will was thwarted; and in the fury and with her governess she was constantly victorious; but only a respite for it was but being her head-ving the oppressive lock. Lady Augusta seldom answered her in her fits of fury, never attempted to reprove, but less to convert; but her cold eye had the effect of the glance of a keen Roman matron. Helen was quaked for the moment, and dreaded to encounter it again, and soon learnt in Lady Augusta's presence to subdue even the most stormy burst of passion.

Beyond that there was only one thing that Lady Augusta could discover which required correction. Learning was to be hearty; her own husband seemed an instinct; beauty and grace were Helen's inheritance by birth; but it was difficult at first to keep her from being content with the rest that is imposed on her as regards society. Lady Augusta, however, set to work vigorously. Nourishment, exercise—all were chalked. Thirty fows were forbidden; walks were limited to the precincts of the park; the seducing influence of the world was the subject constantly discussed in Helen's presence; and criticisms were passed upon the manners and habits of various individuals, which it was supposed would tend to form Helen's taste and to increase the mischief of early associations and natural temperament. For Helen was not by nature supercilious. Proud, indeed, she was; but it was pride which regarded herself rather than others—the pride which could not brook reproach, which would not own itself in the wrong. Apart from this feeling, she was generous, compassionate, unselfish, enthusiastic in the depth and warmth of her feelings. If her affections were touched, she could be made gentle and delicate in her most awful moods. And in her youth she loved every one. Her father, her nurse, her governess, the housekeeper, the poor who begged for alms, the children who played in the village, whatever came within the reach of her interest, even though but for a passing moment, called forth some kindly feeling. No marvel that she had been petted and fondled; and when left, at three years of age, to the care of servants, often taken into strange company and taught habits unmeted to her age and position in life. The little rosy mouth which formed itself so naturally into a kiss, the bright eyes, with their loving, quick, sparkling glaze, which responded so gladly to the least notice, the broken words which tried to express the feelings of the heart, as the tiny fingers were grasped by some rough hand, were as winning to the poor as to the rich, to the undeducated as to the cultivated. Until her father's second marriage, Helen had been the pet of the neighbourhood, and had suffered as pets must suffer.

had been raised in a household where the children were supervised under constant and strict surveillance, and the mischief they were supposed to be contravening. Helen's eyes were opened to the necessity of exclusiveness, and she could talk now as fluently in the school-room as Lady Augusta in the drawing-room of the demerits of 'everybody'—the expression including the country visit to whom she occasionally gazed in the drawing room, or in walks or drives. Once admitted to stay at Ivora, and the fortunate individual, however dull or disagreeable, became 'somebody,' to be defended and upheld as forming part of the Clare world.

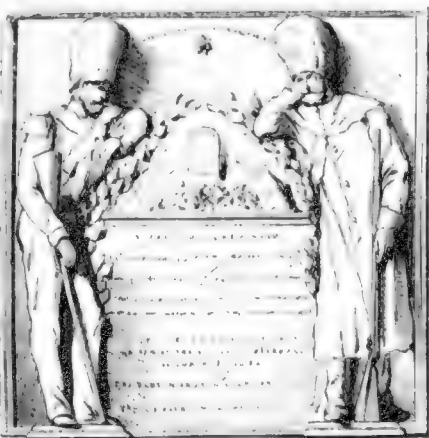
"Lady Augusta was satisfied. The childish warmth of feeling which had once expended itself upon the outer world was gradually becoming concentrated within the range of the park palings; and she flattered herself that she had refined her little girl's taste and taught her to be happy at home, because she had led her to look with contempt upon everything abroad.

"And this may seem very worldly, yet Lady Augusta Clare's reputation was decidedly religious. Even in her gayer younger days she had never been a thoughtless person. When she followed science, it was always with a professed leaning towards its higher objects; and, latterly, she had taken a more prominent part in religious matters, studied controversial subjects, entered warmly into the questions of the day, filled her book-shelves with manuals of devotion, ornamented her walls with prints from Raphael and Fra Angelico. And Helen was of course taught upon what were said to be the strictest and purest principles. Her little bed-room was the counterpart of Lady Augusta's. It had pictures, and books most admirably arranged, and hyacinth framed and glazed hanging against the wall, and a splendidly-bound Bible always lying upon the dressing-table by the side of little Bohemian glass vases, and a gorgeous dressing-case made up of rosewood, and silver, and velvet. Helen delighted in her little room, and was never happy till she had shown her pictures to every new visitor; and had an opinion always ready as to her favourite books, and was willing to repeat her hymns to any one who would listen to and praise her. As Lady Augusta observed, 'it was quite delightful to see such marked religious tastes so early developed.'"

Under the auspices of Lady Augusta, Helen grows up a beautiful and high-minded, but somewhat proud and petulant girl; and the system of education has so increased the fastidiousness of her nature, that she hardly derives pleasure from the society of a single human being, with the exception of her cousin Susan Graham. While in this humour, the young lady is induced to accept an offer of marriage from Claude Egerton, a gentleman of excellent principles, high rank, and large fortune. Claude is represented as loving Helen tenderly, truly, and profoundly; but they entertain different notions as to life, and ere long give up all idea of a match.

At this point the acquaintance of Claude and Susan (Graham) turns into a very close intimacy; and Susan gets seriously in love with the man whom her fastidious cousin had rejected. What is to be the issue between them, from this turn of the tide, a matter of uncertainty; and the authoress displays consummate skill in keeping up the reader's curiosity. But, at length, everything goes smoothly. Helen, it appears, had discovered that she liked Claude at the time when their match had been broken off; and Claude, proving true to his first love, their union is ultimately accomplished.

"Ivory" is a work which will no doubt enjoy a large popularity. All the excellences of the writer's former works are exhibited in perfection. Miss Sewall's principal merit as a novelist consists in the careful and complete finish of her characters; but she has others not to be overlooked—ease, simplicity, correctness, and that wonderful industry, which has elevated her to so high a rank among contemporary novelists.



MONUMENT

ERECTED IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL TO THE OFFICERS OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

MONUMENT TO THE OFFICERS OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

THE English Guards, who, in many a time of trial, whenever that great British quality with an untranslatable name—"pluck" to wit, came particularly into request, have never failed to demonstrate that quality in a signal and decisive manner, had their last opportunity at Inkermann. How they improved that opportunity, it is by no means our business here to repeat; it is a well known story to be handed down tenderly among army traditions, even if an unenthusiastic generation of the laity fail to record it. But to the memory of the officers of the Coldstreams who fell on the Inkermann day, a cenotaph has been erected in the Cathedral of St. Paul, and to this we bring our readers reverently to bow.

are now joined to the monster London, houses of old date are still left, which enable us to form an idea of the city homes 300 years or so ago. The house shown in the engraving is particularly interesting in this respect, independent of other associations. It is built of strongly framed timber, which in recent years has been plastered over; and the carved heads that ornament the gables, and which are good both in design and execution, show that this house is at least 350 years old.

At the present time a tavern has been built between this house and the river. Formerly, however, there was no doubt a trimmed garden and terrace towards the Thames, from which the inhabitants have watched the progress of Queen Elizabeth from the Tower to her palace at Greenwich.

It is singular to notice the fashion of these old houses, arising from the value of space within walled towns; each floor projects over the other, so that the upper apartments have more room than the lower. While, in an artistic point of view, we cannot help regretting the disappearance of the venerable and quaint gables, for sanitary and other reasons we must be content with the change.

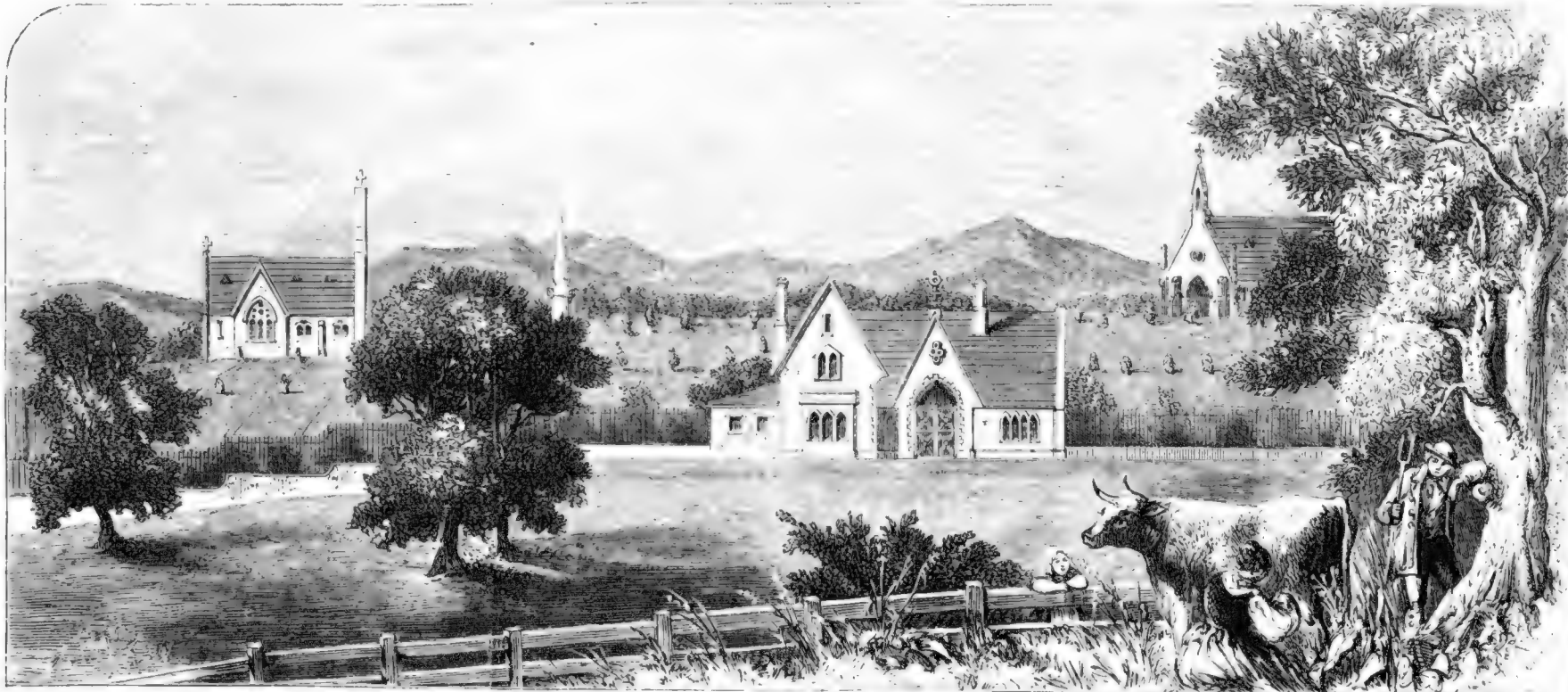
Ladies grumble, and not without cause, at the condition of modern London streets in November weather. The slippery footpaths, and dirty crossings, might, and no doubt in course of time, will be much improved; let us in the meantime endeavour to comfort ourselves with thoughts of the progress that has been made since this old house was built. Cheapside and other thoroughfares were then without either foot or road pavement, so that after a day or two's rain the roadway would be something like those to be seen in Agar Town and other outlying districts; the shops small as that shown in the engraving, but unglazed; in fine weather the merchants setting their goods in front, in the same manner as may be seen now in the New Road and other growing neighbourhoods. In rainy weather it is difficult to know what the shopkeepers would do; surely the ladies could not come out marketing, for from thousands of pent-roofs, corbel heads, and hanging signs, the rain would pour in torrents; and then think of the roads and sedan-chairs, for hackney-coaches had not been invented. Umbrellas, although of Egyptian antiquity, had not been introduced; tobacco had not come into use, or else we might have thought that in bad weather the city traders would retire and take a quiet pipe, for undoubtedly they would in heavy rain be obliged to let down the wooden flaps or shutters of their shops in order to preserve their goods, an operation they would perform the more readily in consequence of the certainty, that ladies, at any rate, neither would nor could come abroad under the circumstances.

It is said that in the house here depicted Sir Walter Raleigh smoked his first pipe of tobacco in England. The people living in the neighbourhood will swear to the truth of it. The people of Islington say that Sir Walter smoked his first pipe there, in a house now called the "Fied Bull." We could mention many other localities which lay claim to this distinction, in itself a sort of myth, like the King John castles, Queen Elizabeth palaces, Oliver Cromwell houses, and Julius Caesar camps.

We would like to have such a quaint little bit as this old house preserved. The timbers are good, and with care it might stand 500 years longer. The Isle of Dogs, close by, and the adjoining neighbourhood, will soon be covered by a dense population. Might it not be worth while to preserve this old house, and turn it into a little almshouse or school?



ANCIENT HOUSE AT BLACKWALL.
(SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE RESIDENCE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.)



THE NEW CEMETERY AT CARLISLE.

Eight officers of the Coldstream Guards lie on Caheart's Hill. There they rest under one slab—eight good gentlemen, brethren in arms and in honour; sharers of the same grave and the same glory. But though their bones lie so far away, we keep their memories faithfully at home. Dawson, Cowell, Mackinnon, Bouvierie, Disbrowe, Eliot, Ramsden and Greville, are the names which, on the cenotaph recently erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, represent the Coldstreams who fell at Inkermann, and through them we record our sense of the heroism the regiment displayed. For of less than 400 men, rank and file, and seventeen officers, engaged in this action, 200 privates and thirteen officers were either killed or wounded.

The cenotaph is the work of Baron Marochetti. The inscription which, as simple, as it should be, is written by the Dean of St. Paul's. Above the entablature (which our engraving faithfully represents), are the colours of the regiment, with the following inscription on a tablet between them:—

THESE COLOURS

Belonged to the Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards,
And were presented by Colonel the Honourable GEORGE UPTON, C.B.,
And the Officers of the Regiment.

With the sanction of Field Marshal the EARL OF STRAFFORD, G.C.B.,
Colonel of the Regiment,
AS A TRIBUTE

the Gallant and Devoted Conduct of their Comrades who fell at the
BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

And whose names are recorded on this Cenotaph.

The monument is placed almost immediately in the right aisle of the great western entrance to the Cathedral.

CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS.—NO. XVIII.

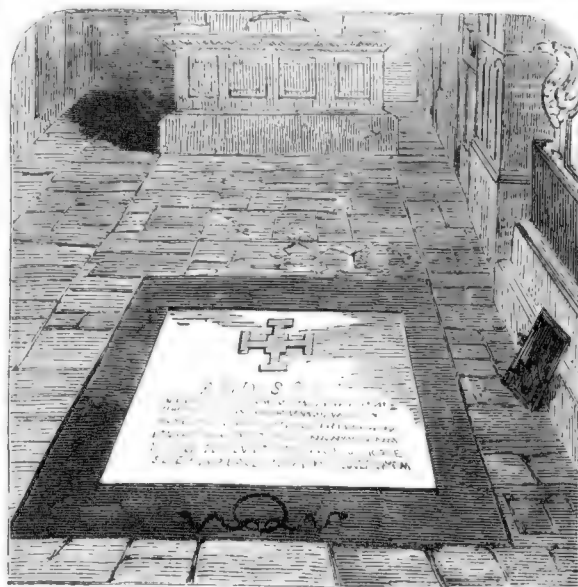
ANCIENT HOUSE AT BLACKWALL.

It is remarkable, at the present day, to notice the rapidity with which the few remaining vestiges of old London are vanishing from the sight. In the course of a very few years even, we hardly expect that we shall find existing any of those picturesque old houses of the days of Queen Bess, similar to that here represented.

In some localities, which were not long since remote villages, but which

THE NEW CEMETERY AT CARLISLE.

THIS Cemetery—which on more than one occasion has been before the public, in consequence of the refusal by the late Bishop to consecrate it,



ADDISON'S GRAVE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

unless the Church of England portion was divided from that provided for Nonconformists by a wall not less than five feet high—was consecrated by Dr. H. M. Villiers, the recently-appointed Bishop of the Diocese, a few months ago; and as the form adopted by his Lordship seems to have given satisfaction to all parties, it may not be out of place to put it upon record. At the hour appointed, the Bishop was received at the entrance lodge by the Dean and Chapter in full canonicals, the members of the Burial Board, and the Mayor and Corporation with their mace and sword-bearers. Upon alighting from his carriage, a petition was presented by the Chairman of the Board, praying his Lordship to consecrate that portion of the ground set apart for the use of members of the Church of England. A procession was then formed, and advanced to the chapel; upon arrival there, the Bishop commenced by reading a few appropriate texts of Scripture, the proper psalm and lesson from the burial service; and, leaving the chapel, walked at the head of the procession along the boundary walk between the consecrated and unconsecrated portions of the ground. In the meantime, the lectern had been placed in the porch, and on returning to it, the Bishop offered up an appropriate prayer, followed by a short, but very solemn address to the surrounding crowd (estimated to consist of from five to six thousand persons), and concluded with the usual episcopal benediction.

The ground has been laid out, and the chapels and lodge erected according to plans furnished by the Messrs. Hay, of Liverpool, in the Elizabethan style—the buildings of red brick and a beautiful white stone brought from Northumberland, at an expense of about £14,000. The cemetery occupies about thirty-five acres, upon a rising ground about a mile from the city, and the view from it commands a circuit of not less than fifty or sixty miles in diameter, including the Scotch, Northumberland, and Cumberland mountains. In the foreground appear the Cathedral and other churches; the massive tower of the Castle, built by Rufus; the priory, the occupant of which in the olden time drew for himself and brethren supplies of milk, butter, and poultry from the adjoining Grange. Outside the boundary wall, but not far distant, are the remains of some ancient wells, at the foot of a gentle eminence called in the ancient writings "Seven Well Bank," and on which tradition reports there formerly stood an ancient chapel, the foundation of which may still be traced. On the principal remaining well, of a



THE NEW RESERVOIR AT EVERTON, NEAR LIVERPOOL.

circular form, is an inscription in monkish Latin, which, divested of its contractions, read as follows:—

Purgatum, dedicatum que, Ubeskud, die quinto
Decembris, Frater, do sub rupe lapidem venerabili
Sancto Bede, ore rotundo.

The Venerable Bede, to whom this well seems to be dedicated, was contemporary with St. Cuthbert; and to him, according to Camden, a grant had been made of all the land within fifteen miles of Carlisle. The Burial Board of this city have therefore placed a copy of the golden cross worn by the Saint, sculptured of a beautiful white stone, on the eastern gable of the Church of England chapel, and have adopted the device for their common seal. It appears also alternated with the sacred monogram in the diamonds of Hartley's patent glass, with which the windows are filled. This interesting relic of antiquity was found upon the Saint's body when his stone coffin was opened at Durham, in 1827.

ADDISON'S GRAVE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THERE is no author who has written better on the associations of this famous old church—the burial-place of so many kings, queens, and men of enduring fame—a building of such extreme beauty of form, rendered, too, still more beautiful by its varied lights and shades, and having a history of a thousand years written upon its crumbling buttresses—than the distinguished man who lies beneath the slab shown in our engraving.

Addison rests in the north aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel, near the entrance, close to the richly-ornamented tomb of Lord Montague, and not far from that of Queen Elizabeth—so that he is quite at a distance from his brother poets; and when we look around the well-known Corner of the Abbey, and read the inscriptions on the stones which cover the remains of Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Siddons, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Campbell, and a host of others, we cannot help feeling that the taste and feelings of Addison have been consulted by the choice of the companionship of his remains.

Born in 1672, partly educated at a country school, then at Charter House, from thence sent to the University—we find him at an early age attempting poetry, and at twenty-two addressing a poem to Dryden, and soon afterwards criticising poets of lasting fame in a bad spirit, whose works he subsequently acknowledged he had not read.

It is true that the times were corrupt, and yet we cannot think better of Addison for the poor and time-serving address, in 1695, to King William, which attracted the attention of the then Lord-Keeper, who conferred upon the poet £300 a year pension. After this he travelled through France and Italy, and in 1702 wrote his tragedy of "Cato." He next became secretary to Prince Eugene, and lived without notice until 1704, when he wrote a poem in defence, and, it is said, by request, of the Government; and in 1705, the year afterwards, was appointed Under Secretary of State.

Addison again went abroad, but returned to England, and shortly afterwards the "Spectator" was planned, and the first number published on March 1st, 1711. At times this journal, on which the literary fame of Addison chiefly depends, had, considering the then limited circulation of books, a surprising success, circulating, as it did, 20,000 copies. Its average circulation, however, was not more than about 4,000 in number.

In 1713 "Cato" was acted, and met with some success. Addison from time to time helped the Government; and in August, 1716, after a troublesome courtship, married the Countess of Warwick, a match which did not add much to his comfort. We cannot glance through the life of Addison without noticing the various opportunities he took to flatter the great, or that he was the means of lodging Steele in prison for a debt of £100. It is said that this was done to check the extravagance of his friend; but few of us would look upon such sharp practice as a friendly act. Besides, like Horace Walpole, who so dubiously treated poor Chatterton, Addison seems



WINTER FASHIONS.

to have had but small care for the poor and friendless. However, it is certain that the works of this writer and his associates had a great effect in raising the standard of morality, and as is stated by one of his best biographers, "that which he had written, and which he was often feeble and almost blind, in the last years of his life, was the result of a most arduous and painful task." Addison, who died in 1719, leaving a daughter, about a year old. Addison, who died in 1719, leaving a daughter, about a year old.

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THE NEW RESERVOIR AT EVERTON, NEAR LIVERPOOL.

THE accompanying sketch presents to our readers a view of one of the new reservoirs, and noble water towers, lately erected by the Corporation of Liverpool, in connection with its gigantic waterworks, which are now nearly completed, at Rivington, near Bolton, in Lancashire, distant from Liverpool twenty-seven miles. These works occupy the whole of a valley upwards of eight miles in length. In 1710 a project was started in Liverpool, by Sir Cleve More, a gentleman whose family had been for many years intimately connected with the town, to bring water into it by means of wooden troughs from Rivington, a village about three miles distant, where there were abundant and fine springs. This undertaking, however, fell through, from want of adequate support—the inhabitants being, we suppose, content with the carts and leather buckets, by which they were supplied from the various public wells situated in different parts of the town. There was, amongst others, the Old Well, which stood in Roe Street, at the back of the present Amphitheatre; another on Coppas Hill; another on Shaw's Brow, near where the pottery works stood, a vestige of which is still in existence at the back of the remaining houses on the left-hand side going up. There was also one called the "Dye House Well," in Gresham Street, near the present Sailors' Home, where, in 1758, a curious accident occurred. A coachman in the service of a clergyman of Liverpool, going to the well to water his horses, the coach was overturned, when one of the horses was drowned in the well, and John narrowly escaped a similar fate, being extricated with difficulty. At that time there were nearly one hundred carts employed in carrying water, the charge for which was one halfpenny per "sack" or leather bucketful. In 1772 another attempt was made by Mr. Jordan to carry out the Bootle Water Works Scheme. It was issued in £10 shares, but failed after some efforts were made to establish it. A few pipes, however, were laid down. In 1799 and 1800 the Liverpool Water Works were established, in 1800. This scheme was so highly thought of that the £10 closed in five minutes after the books were opened. Shares were £200 each, and an Act for the Works was obtained under 26 Geo. III. By an Act of Parliament, 29 George III., the Bootle Water Works were established. This company brought the water from the springs as proposed by Sir Cleve More and Mr. Jordan. In 1813, the company obtained an Act to enable it to extend its operations. In 1822, the Liverpool Water Works Company also obtained an Act, which enabled them to extend their operations. In 1848, on the 1st of March, the Liverpool Corporation purchased the interest of the two companies, paying for the Liverpool Water Works, £330,719 13s., and for the Bootle, £201,057 9s., total, £531,807 2s. Since this period wells have been sunk by the Corporation at Green Lane, near the Old Swan, and in other localities; but as these did not adequately supply the increasing and full wants of the inhabitants, the Corporation has constructed stupendous works at Rivington as previously mentioned, and has erected three reservoirs in connection with them. There is one in Toxteth Park, a second at Kensington, and the third at Everton, a view of which we give, and which we shall briefly describe.

The tower is 150 feet in height, 257 feet in circumference, and the arches are 38 feet. At the top of the tower is an iron tank which will contain 250,000 gallons of water, and the reservoir which is seen on the left of the tower, will hold 6,500,000 gallons.

It is built of Everton stone, taken from a neighbouring quarry, strongly cemented together and well laid with asphalt, or gas tar, in the lower courses. The floor is bricked and cemented; the roof is upheld by iron columns. On the outside is a grass plot, which will, when complete, form a public promenade. These erections have been two years in progress, and are nearly completed, and will cost about £26,000. The engine-house is seen projecting from the tank tower. The smoke and escape of steam will be carried up the elegant campanile surmounted by a flagstaff. The water will be pumped up from the reservoir into the tank by an engine of 25-horse power, having a 3-foot cylinder and 6-4 stroke. From this elevation the Everton district will be supplied.

The contractors for the iron work are the Haigh Foundry Company at Wigan; the contractors for the masonry are the Messrs. Holmes of Liverpool; the Corporation engineer, Mr. Duncan, is the engineer who has designed these noble buildings; the clerk of the works is Mr. Stubbs.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

AMONG the most favourite materials for winter dresses, for ladies as well as for children, cashmere holds a prominent place. Some of the new cashmires are figured in designs *broché* in the loom; others are printed in a variety of elegant patterns. The designs are perfectly oriental in character; consisting of palm leaves, lotus flowers, and the graceful foliage of the acanthus, blended together in fanciful arabesques. These cashmires make exquisite robes-de-chambre, when lined with coloured silk and quilted.

The early commencement of cold weather has brought out furs this year rather sooner than they usually appear. Both furs and feathers will be very generally worn this winter. For out-door costume, sable is, as usual, most in favour. Many velvet mantles are edged with broad bands of that fur. Muffs continue to be of small dimensions. The new boas are much smaller in size than those of last winter. Sable boas are now made with round ends, each finished with one tail only. For the opera and theatres, ermine and swansdown are fashionable for boas and also for trimming opera cloaks. In Paris, some very elegant opera cloaks, or (as they are frequently styled) *surtees-de-bal*, have been made of rich brocaded satin of various colours, and trimmed with bands of ermine.

For ordinary walking-dresses the cloaks most preferred are those made of black, gray, or any dark-coloured cloth. They are made in a variety of forms, some circular, and others of the pointed shape, like those shown in our illustration.

We have already mentioned that feathers will be very fashionable this winter. They will be worn in a variety of ways; not only in bonnets in out-door costume, and in the hair in full evening dress, but feather trim-

ming will be employed for cloaks and dresses, whilst bouquets of ostrich or marabout feathers will be favourite ornaments for ball dresses, court trains, &c. A complete feather *parure* has just been despatched from Paris to the Court of St. Petersburg. It is destined for one of the Russian Grand Duchesses, and is composed of pale pink feathers intermingled with pearls, the whole arranged with admirable taste. The *parure* consists of a complete trimming for a court dress and train, a tiara for the head, and bouquets for the corsage and sleeves.

For ball dresses, beautiful new styles have been introduced—pink, blue, or amber are the most approved tints.

The old fashion of wearing ruffs round the throat, instead of collars, has recently found favour in Paris. The new ruffs are extremely small; in fact, little more than ruffles of moderate width. They are made of *toile d'Alençon*, quilted in very small dated plaits, and they have a beautiful and vapoury effect. The *Eure* wears the style of ruff with an her high dresses.

The favourite colours of the season for trimming bonnets, &c., are various shades of brown, dark green, Seville blue, groselle, and so on.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mr. Bogue's Walking Coat.—Dress of Terry velvet, the colour a very dark shade of green; a paletot cloak of auromont-colour cloth, trimmed with broad bands of tartan plush. The bonnet is of black velvet, lined with black lace and with rouleaux of cerise-colour velvet; the flowers form the under trimming, and also the strings, are of cerise velvet. Collar and under sleeves of worked muslin.

Little Girl's Dress.—Satin of a pale pink colour, with a pattern of small rings of black velvet, disposed in a small lozenge pattern. The pattern may be either of dark brown or black cloth, and the trimming is of black velvet corresponding with that on the skirt. The bonnet is of white Terry velvet, trimmed with cerise velvet. Collar and sleeves of worked lace-net. The petticoat and trousers are edged with eyelet-hole work, having a deep Vandyke border. Boots of blue Cashmere, tipped with glazed leather.

Little Boy's Dress.—Blouse of black velvet, trimmed up the front with rows of braid disposed horizontally, the rows being finished at each end by fancy buttons of passementerie; a white beaver hat, of a round flat shape, with a plume of white ostrich feathers waving on one side; collar and under-sleeves of Vandyke eyelet-hole work; full trousers of white pique-net, drawn and confined by a band below the knee, and edged with a trimming of Vandyke needlework; shoes of glazed leather, and black velvet gaiters.

CONFIRMATION AND CONSECRATION OF THE NEW BISHOP OF LONDON.—Dr. A. C. Tait, the new Bishop of London, was "confirmed" on Thursday week, in the Church of St. Mary le-Bow, Cheap-side, with the usual rites and ceremonies. He was accompanied to the church by the Reverend J. B. Hall, his chaplain, and received by Dr. Francis Parris, the vicar-general, and other officers of the province of Canterbury. After morning prayers, letters of commendation of the new bishop were presented to the Vicar-General; oppos were read, and pronounced commendations for not appearing; Dr. Tait took the oath of office; and the ceremony closed by Dr. Tait pronouncing sentence, to the effect that the ceremony had been duly performed. On Sunday, Dr. Tait was consecrated by His Grace the Lord Primate, in the Chapel Royal, Westminster. The ceremony, which attracted a very numerous congregation, we shall describe in a future number, when an engraving representing the scene will also be given.

CONFIRMATION OF THE BISHOP OF DURHAM.—The ceremony of confirming the election of the Right Rev. Dr. Langley, late Bishop of Ripon, to the See of Durham, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Seabright, took place at York Cathedral on Friday. There was a large attendance to witness the ceremony.

THE NEW SOLICITOR-GENERAL.—The Right Hon. James Archibald Stuart Wortley is third son of the first Baron Warburton; his mother was a daughter of the first Earl of Erme. He was born in St. James's Square, July 3rd, 1815. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1836 and M.A. in 1838. He was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1838, and went to the Northern Circuit. He was elected M.P. for Haverham in 1835, but ceased to represent that borough in 1837. He became Q.C. in 1841; he was elected M.P. for Botolph Claydon in 1842; he was appointed standing counsel to the Bank of England in 1844, and Solicitor-General to the late Queen Dowager in 1845. In the same year (1845) he took office under Sir Robert Peel's government as Attorney-General to the Duchy of Lancaster, and in January, 1846, he became Judge-Advocate-General, and a member of the Privy Council. On the 6th of May in that year (1846) he was married to the Hon. Jane Lowley, born in 1820, only daughter of the first Baron Wenlock. In September, 1850, Mr. Stuart Wortley was appointed to the office of the City of London. He is uncle to the present Lord Warburton, who succeeded his father, the second Baron, Mr. Stuart Wortley's elder brother, in 1845. His family is a younger branch of that of the Earl of Bute; his grandfather, Mr. James Stuart Wortley Mackenzie (whose last two names were taken with property which he acquired by marriage and inheritance), being a second son of the third Earl of Bute by the daughter of the celebrated Lady Wortley Montagu.

THE LATE MR. DAVID BOGUE.—Mr. Bogue, author and publisher, whose sudden death is among the startling announcements of the week, came of a respectable family in the county of Berwick, and was the nephew of Dr. Bogue, author of "The Divine Authority of the New Testament." In early life Mr. Bogue became assistant to Mr. Thomas Ireland, bookseller, of Edinburgh. While in this position Mr. Bogue was offered more lucrative engagements; but from a feeling of honour he refused to quit his ailing employer, and remained with him till his death. In 1836 Mr. Bogue came to London, bringing with him letters of introduction to Mr. Tilt, who immediately engaged his services—soon after took him into partnership—and in the course of two or three years retired from the business, leaving it entirely in the hands of Mr. Bogue. Mr. Bogue, although of a quiet, unassuming disposition, possessed great intelligence and untiring energy. He was the anonymous author of several works—chiefly books for children—which were received with favour. He was a man of enterprise, kind and generous in disposition, and of the strictest integrity. He was about forty-five years of age, and leaves a widow and five young children to mourn his loss. To the literary and publishing world it will be satisfactory to learn, that Mr. Tilt has undertaken for the present the management of Mr. Bogue's business.—*Athenaeum.*

LAW AND CRIME.

ON Monday last, Vice-Chancellor Kindersley delivered his judgment in the matter of the Royal British Bank with respect to the conflict of jurisdiction which has taken place between the Courts of Chancery and Bankruptcy. Mr. Rolt and Mr. Giffard appeared for the official assignee in bankruptcy, and Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Mr. Glasse, and Mr. Lewis for the manager in chancery. As all that any counsel on either side had to do was to give notice of appeal if the decision happened to be against his clients, this splendid array of learned gentlemen must have been hailed with delight by the shareholders and depositors in the defunct concern, as a token that no expense is being spared on behalf of their affairs. The Vice-Chancellor delivered his judgment against the representative of his own Court. He considered that the act of bankruptcy (not the adjudication), preceding, as it did, the petition for winding-up, was sufficient to vest the estate in the bankruptcy assignee. Although all dealings and contracts made with a trader after an act of bankruptcy are valid if the other contracting party has had no notice of the act, his Honour considered that a petition under the winding-up could not be considered as a contract or dealing with a party at whose request and on whose behalf it was presented. Perhaps the legal point may not afford so much general interest as the preliminary aspect of the matter to those concerned. Immediately on the decision being announced, notice was given of appeal. The Vice-Chancellor said, "he expected that an appeal would be made, whichever way the judgment might be; and that the real struggle was, whether the official manager or the official assignee should obtain large percentage on the assets of the bank." Mr. Rolt (for the assignee) protested that such was not his *exclusive* object. A phrase which his Honour repeated assentingly, with the proper emphasis on the adjective. This little incident caused laughter in the Court. Meanwhile, while lawyers are quibbling, expounding, appealing, and keeping the game alive, generally amid "laughter" and "renewed laughter," the wretched depositors, who represent what Mr. Charles Dickens would call "the murdered party," continue the objects of the usual inter-negation or consideration in any possible way. Like miserable chaffers on pins, the creditors of the bankrupt concern are being spun round on legal "points."

They may buzz and flutter, but cannot hope to escape the net which transfixes their vitals.

A creditor has been suspended from prison, and a debtor has been suspended from prison, and a debtor has been suspended from prison.

At Liverpool, a letter-carrier has been taken into custody, charged with plundering tradesmen. The system of letter-carriers has been a straight-forward one enough; and, indeed, to have been so facile as to require no extraordinary amount of vigilance, Mrs. Bond had only to walk into tradesmen's shops, select any article which struck her fancy, order them to be sent home, and when they arrived, Mr. Bond was out, and the tradesmen parted with their goods. The tradesmen bit so voraciously, that the house of Bond was furnished throughout, from top to bottom, in a few days. The present Mrs. Bond, to lay in a stock of velvets and silks, and use. When perfectly satisfied—having secured two waggons of elegant furniture—Mr. and Mrs. Bond changed their residence, and, ultimately captured, with the goods, by the police. Thus, a curious picture of the fitness for business of business-people is not apparent to have been any false preference made in the matter as to residence being required before leaving the goods; it is to be questioned whether a land case of fraud can be so easily detected, and articles are ordered, and sent. Mrs. Bond says her husband is a very busy man. The tradesman is asked to leave his goods, and to send them to a credit transaction. The tradesman, patronised by Mrs. Bond, set upon this system only when time known, operate as a tremendous clock to that. No take the trouble of running their shops, when he knew that he was to ask and leave; and the purchase of jewellery will become a mere business transaction.

While on the subject of tradesmen and credit, it may be useful to mention a remark on a recent *dictum* of Mr. Baron Martin. The papers state that on being mentioned to the Learned Judge that a creditor had taken a notice, threatening him with proceedings in the Court, his Lordship said that this was a misdeed on the part of the creditor; it seems, it is pretty generally understood to mean that the creditor is to be taken care of, as every respectable solicitor would, such an intimation before proceeding against a defendant. No doubt the notice to which the Learned Judge referred. In some instances there are exposed for sale certain printed forms, on official-looking paper, headed with a coat of arms, and altogether possessing to the mind a terribly legal aspect. These are fraudulent and illegal imitations of Court process, although they contain really little more than the announcement of an intention to sue. The sending of one of these is a statutory offence, and one or two County Court touts, agents, or delinquents, have already gone into trouble through the use of them, against which tradesmen will therefore do well to be on their guard.

A woman named Elliott, the wife of a baker in Bromsbury, was charged with cruelty and neglect towards her step-daughter, aged twelve years. The child had been discovered in such a filthy state, that the colour of its skin could not be told before washing. She was clothed in rags, and the flesh of her arms and back exhibited wounds apparently caused, as they proved to be, by a cane. She gave her evidence intelligently, and admitted filthy habits, one of the commonest accessories of the degradation and neglect of humanity. The Magistrate said, "Whatever the child's behaviour, there was no excuse for the step-mother's conduct." Instead of punishing her, nevertheless, he only bound over the husband in recognisance for her future good behaviour, and the unhappy little orphan was returned to her wretched home, with what chances of education, happiness, and position in future life, one might slenderly speculate.

Thomas Connolly, a journeyman shoemaker, has afforded one of the most terrible glimpses of a modern English domestic interior recently exhibited. He returned home on Tuesday week drunk, according to custom. His young wife, described as "dejected-looking," in vain asked for money to purchase food for the starving children. He became exasperated, and swore himself up to assault—pitch, which the dejected-looking wife, from long experience, at once recognised, and murmuring a sad "God help me," attempted to place her infant on the bed, to save it from harm while she received her chastisement. But the husband had devised a new and unexpected torture. Seizing the kettle of boiling water, he hurled it at her head; and although she avoided the blow, the scalding contents were discharged full upon the helpless infant six weeks old. She begged him to hasten for a surgeon; but he seated himself before the fire with the customary answer of his class to any objectionable request. She appears to have kept the secret of the assault from the father, who afterwards attended the child, and only applied to the law for help on the next matrimonial difficulty, when the husband significantly threatened "to give her the kettle again." The child is slowly recovering, so that the unnatural father will escape the punishment for manslaughter. He is, however, committed for trial for the assault. By what punishment, inflictible by our comparatively merciful laws upon the ruffianly and the unmanly, can equal that of the years of agony and sorrow endured by the suffering wife and tender mother, who has so long remained the object of his brutality? And when he returns, as he will at length, she will still be his wife as before!

THE EARL OF LUCAN AND THE "DAILY NEWS."—In the Court of Exchequer on Friday week, in the case of the Earl of Lucan v. Smith and Others, Mr. Field moved for a rule to show cause why the defendant should not be allowed to add two pleas upon the record in an action of present printing between the Earl and the defendant, Mr. George Frederick Smith, the registered proprietor of the "Daily News," or to amend the bill upon the Noble Lord in that part of July last, when said bill was contained in a leading article, reflecting severely upon the Noble Lord's conduct in the Crimea, and also with respect to that part of it which came before the commission of general officers, who sat in the hall of Chelsea Hospital, and known as the "Chelsea Crimean Inquiry." The Counsel briefly stated the nature of the pleas. Mr. Lush showed cause against the rule, and said that it was not at all necessary for these pleas to be admitted for the purpose stated on the other side. The fact was, they were wanted because they would enable the defendant to introduce a quantity of irrelevant matter, not at all bearing upon the issue. He hoped the Court would refuse the rule. Baron Alderson, Bramwell, and Watson, concurred with the Lord Chief Baron, when the latter said, that were he sitting at nisi prius he should not permit any undue use to be made of pleas irrelevant to the issue. Baron Alderson said, that from what he could learn of the articles, as read to the Court, he supposed that the Earl of Lucan was the most severely dealt with, and that he would not allow the defendant to add the two pleas. The Court did not see the necessity for the pleas contended for by Mr. Field, and the rule must therefore be refused. Rule refused.

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